

C.D.B. Bryan on John O'Hara:

A Stepson's Memoir

JULY 1985 PRICE \$2.50

# Esquire

at His Best

## Jamie Lee Curtis

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Details inside



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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## WATCHING THE MALE CLOCK

BON HANSEN'S article "The Male Clock" (April) was both enlightening and well written. I maintain that the biological clock should tick as loudly for men as it does for women. But I have dated men of their mid-to-late thirties who have offered such comments as "It must be harder for you than me because you're getting older and children are an issue." Show me a man who wants to be seventy years old at his last birthday and a woman who explores the notion of having a wheelchair-bound husband at her daughter's ballet recital. Clearly, lack of commitment in men's thirties has consequences for men and women alike.

Terry Goss  
Cherry Chase, Md.

ONCE AGAIN I have finished another article which contains a psychological analysis of the fifties generation: the decision to delay parenthood. My question is, why does nearly every article suggest that the arrival of one's offspring produces a feeling of unmeasurable self-worth and the assurance of economic and emotional security? I currently have no children, nor do I possess the possibility of having any in the near future. Yet I've experienced no loss of self-esteem. I still care about endangered wildlife, and I can still feel excitement in this middle-aged body.

Ronny H. Brown  
Melrose, Ill.

MR. HANSEN'S "dick" seems to be well informed and extremely practical but lacking in passion and a desire to be in love or to be loved. I am of the opinion that some questions cannot be resolved by rationalist formulas and worst-case scenarios. I recommend the process of searching for the opportunity it affords to experience the adventure of raising and loving a child.

Scott M. Applebaum, D.M.D.  
Melrose Beach, Fla.

## TAKE ME TO THE RIVER

PETER N. Nelson ("Tearing Moons River," April) is right in the money when he points out that you learn the most on a canoe trip by paddling into a head wind. In 1971 I named my own Moose River. There were eight of us sixteen-year-old voyagers, and we, too, often wondered what we were doing up there, alone wilderness

country isn't anything like those things we read about in far. Maybe being able to feed legs into the fire in the entire point. Anyway, thanks for bringing back some of the northern memories.

Mary Moner  
Cleveland, Ohio

IT'S AMAZING what a trip through the Boundary Waters Canoe Area is really like. As a writer, Minnesota, I had time set aside for trips with Grandma on Lake Lac Seul or with my parents and brother when we left our city life behind and were forced to deal with ourselves and each other in a whole new way.

Thanks for making me realize I'll never forget Grandma and her wonderful charm, or the silence while gliding a finger over the surface of the water. Or how I really did let everyone else do most of the work. Next time, I promise to pitch in more.

Kristin Rose DeWalt  
La Jolla, Calif.

## GETTING A GRIP ON SUCCESS

"TICK TIME of Your Life" (The Enigma Journal, by Philip Moffat, April) is the closest piece of thinking and expression on the universal angst affecting fellow yuppies that I have seen. I read it at my office between crises and was caught between laughter and tears.

John S. Stappertman  
Arlington, Va.

IF IT seems wrong like "The Time of Your Life," Philip Moffat should have had Giorgio and you had kept up very frequently.

Melvin S. Forbes  
New York, N.Y.

## AND THE WINNER IS

IN "THE Business Traveler: News & Advice" (by David Reed and Jane R. Lasky, April) there was a story on a meeting at Westin Hotels. It was incorrectly noted that the Academy Awards banquet is hosted by the Century Plaza.

The banquet, as well as a majority of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards, has been held at the Beverly Hills annually for nearly thirty years.

Terry Harold  
Director of Public Relations  
The Beverly Hills  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

## STAYING AHEAD

REGARDING "New Hampshire is Stirring" (Washington Evening, March) before you get away with getting down others as "not particularly stirred or even very smart," you might be more particular about the accuracy of your reporting.

In fact, in the first two paragraphs of the piece I counted more factual errors concerning who would be attending the New Hampshire Bicentennial state committee's March 1985 luncheon (incorrect), New Hampshire's being of a "professional lobbyist" in 1982 to preserve its first-in-the-nation presidential primary (correct), and alleged "historical" by the late governor Hugh O'Brien in 1980 for obtaining congressional letters from presidential candidates in support of New Hampshire's 1984 presidential primary (core fantasy, as well as fabrication of the deed).

There is no question that the New Hampshire presidential primary has its enemies. You apparently got (and used) bad information from some of them. Your readers deserve better.

Matthew J. Criss, Chairman  
First Primary Committee  
New Hampshire Democratic Party  
Manchester, N.H.

BILLER'S note: Through an editing error, the list of authors to the luncheon was changed to (incorrect). On additional facts, we thank you for reporting.

## PHOTO FINISH

THE PORTRAIT of me accompanying my article "My Separate Peace" (March) is very evocative of the times across my house, of my left hand, and of a cup of my first novel. It doesn't, however, look like me, as my friends complain.

For your readers who might be interested, I enclose a photograph that does. New Republic  
Southampton, N.Y.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, 6000, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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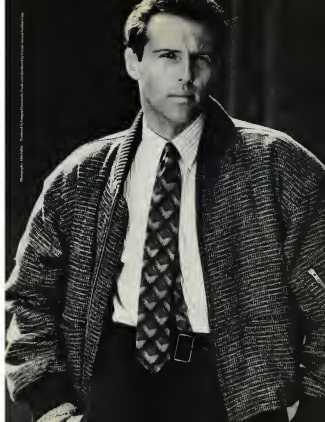


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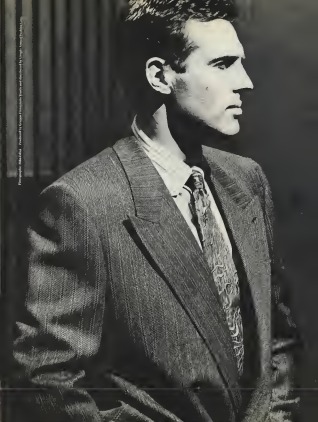
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# Man At His Best

AGENTMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

## MATERIAL VALUE It Is Written



ILLUSTRATION: JACQUES LE MOINE

**I**mpagine Byron at his death: Venice, 1818. He writes, "I need a hero—in a curious way," and the first words of *Don Quixote*, his greatest poem, his legend. But the words "in a curious" sound a little missing, so Byron adds them out, places those capital letters, the distance, writes "an uncommon" above it, and spews on. The line has stood so ever since: "I want a hero—an uncommon want." Of that moment in Venice only two things survive: the ever-reproducible words of the poem and the unique historical moment of the act of inscription, the autograph manuscript itself, which now rests in the vaults of the Herbert Morgan Library, the kind of place great manuscripts go after reaching private collections.

As soon as a manuscript reaches its physical—a library, a museum, or a research library—its monetary value comes to be of much account,

for it is no longer in circulation. Interested parties are then forced to speculate on the disparity between its appearance and worth. Few really important autograph manuscripts look like this. They tend to be dog-eared diaphanous leaves, frail survivors of time, often hastily scrawled by men and women who wrote with bad aims. Unlike diamonds and Calcutta silver, they defy no common faces, and they don't reward you of their contents. Unlike antique watches, you can't get their legs down and drive them in the Memorial Day Parade.

The appeal of autograph manuscripts is intellectual, and it hangs partly on the belief that handwriting expresses the self. After all, codd black-type is obviously counterfeit. Like a plowshare turning earth, the pen on the page lays firmness that follow the topography of the writer's soul. When the printer comes along and levels

them, and in a world of public actions and first pronouncements, autograph manuscripts preserve a glimpse of the private man and of his first and mobile emotions.

Technically, an autograph manuscript is a verbal or occasional text inscribed by its author. A garden-variety pen-and-ink letter from your mother is not, and so are a letter of Dostoyevsky's and the working draft of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The only difference among them is the price they fetch when they come to market. In the 1963 session at auction houses in New York and London, the Dostoyevsky letter, which contained his own account of an epileptic seizure, brought more than \$7,500, and the bidding for Stravinsky's musical work sheets, sixty-seven pages of them, closed at \$308,000. Of your uncle Kaprielian's Talmud, one of his letters went for \$900.

These are large sums for unimpeachable paper. To a novice, the manuscripts market is a minefield of traps for the unwary, but an arena of indirect pleasures. *The New York Times* routinely reports record prices paid for important manuscripts and so event like the recent bidder at auction, Margery (who indicated the solicitation of Non-document collectors) indicates the passion and greed that even the prospect of a poorer documentary arouses. But there are intelligent limitations in the manuscript market, which is clearly shags along at a slower pace than the media would have you believe.

### GETTING YOUR WORD'S WORTH

Experts are unanimous on one point of advice to new collectors: Collect what interests you. If Byronic obsessions by the history of sacred design or the

seventeenth-century perfume industry, then collect in those fields. And whatever interests you, buy the best. That is the advice of David and Katherine Latta, who are the managing editors of *American Book Price Current* (ABPC), the standard annual guide to auction sales of rare books and manuscripts. It stands to reason that good manuscripts will appreciate more rapidly than mediocre ones, but price is only one index of a manuscript's value. Clara Givner of the Books and Manuscripts Department at Christie's says that Christie's appraises manuscripts by "triangulation."

"We take three factors into consideration: quality, provenance, quantity of ownership, and market prices." Quality is a manuscript's means both condition and content.

"It used to be," says Katherine Latta, "that collectors were eager for manuscripts, especially those of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Now they are rediscovers the value of content." Consider, for example, the sheets of Charles Dickens letters sold in the 1963 season. Many of them are comparatively priced, but there are exceptions. A two-page letter written in 1844 asking a friend to lend her some of his behalf brought only \$70. In contrast, Dickens wrote a four-page letter in 1860 in which he discussed at length the British practice of transporting felons to Australia. That letter sold for more than \$2,500.

All the prices I've quoted were established at auctions at the kind held regularly at Christie's, Sotheby's, and a host of lesser houses in New York, London, Paris, and elsewhere. But auctions are not necessarily the best way to a collector to begin. Cultivate a dealer, or contact, let a dealer cultivate you. "A good dealer

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## Man At His Best

### FIRST-RATE A Trimmed Sail



There are not many drawbacks to the sport of sailing, but owning a boat can be one of them. This is because owning a boat almost automatically means that you have so many other things to consider. And this, in turn, means that if you have a fairly large boat, you will be keeping it in a marina—the consequences of which are obvious, one of the most obvious being that you will start every trip from there. Your base of operations defines your range.

There are the fees and the maintenance that go with keeping any boat in the water. Also the worry that comes with pest problems that are not at all, in short, making an activity that can be so enjoyable, but the ownership of a twenty-foot boat can quickly take the fun out of the sport. Especially if you live in a landlocked apartment.

Well, there is a solution, a solution that is small enough to carry and dry-store but that will perform as well as any of those small ones that still need to be towed from berth to berth and come with all the headaches of ownership. This one does everything a racing sailboat is supposed to do. And this is well enough that John Bertrand, who is a member of America's Cup station, routinely races it in competition.

This is a real boat that requires a real skill of the people who crew it. But it does not require a wealth of money or an insurance policy for security.

The boat, called a Laser, is thirteen feet ten and a half inches long and weighs 130 pounds. It costs about \$5,000. You can move it around with you as the same cart rack you use for your skis.

But despite appearances, this little boat is no toy. It was designed by a first-class naval architect named Bruce Kirby, who wanted a boat that would perform like the big boys. In fact, the Laser is more challenging in many ways than some of the larger racing boats because it is small, and every change in sea surface or weight distribution in a single second can be devastating. Do something wrong, and you won't merely lose the race—you will run over and get wet besides.

But because the boat is so responsive, it offers a fine way to learn sailing and to appreciate what a small sail is and how well it can perform. And it is these fundamentals that are hard to teach and appreciate when you start out at something that is thirty feet high, long, deep, and has a full gale. In the Laser, sailing by itself, you can feel around with the sail, and by trial and error,

as a collector," the Lasers explain, "and develop a lifetime relationship. The dealer will educate the collector, and the collector will influence the character of the dealer's stock." A dealer can help you define your goals and provide access to sources of supply not usually available to beginning collectors. One of the pleasures of collecting manuscripts is dealers' catalogues: they are filled with information, and many are models of free printing.

#### THE PAGES OF HISTORY

Now about those limitations. Among manuscript specialists there is a perception that no one collects manuscripts for the money. (The truth is that no one collects manuscripts just for the money.) This little piece of make-believe neatly explains the appeal of these objects to men like J. Pierpont Morgan or Henry B. Huntington (who did other things for the money), but it does explain that the market is extremely small and won't yield quick profits. The most successful collector of manuscripts is usually a university library across the country.

Look at ancient manuscripts of the Bible, which can be found in most libraries. Reading an ancient manuscript section will give you a clear sense of current events and of what sorts of manuscripts most likely appear in libraries. Join the Manuscript Society, an organization of collectors, scholars, owners, and dealers. Pick up a copy of *The Book Collector's Guide to Dealers and Auction Houses* and ask for their forthcoming catalogues. Then buy a manuscript. Learn about it. Learn it in a better sense of what free paper or as a specialty mail order. Buy another, and let your interests take over. Now and again try drafting an autograph manuscript yourself. It will remind you of what writing was like before the invention of the typewriter.

There is another reason why collectors should only be a "side dish," as Cowley puts it. Like the market for Native American antiquities, the manuscript market connects interests between the needs of scholars and the desires of collectors. Because books are the last result of history, autograph manuscripts constitute primary sources for historical studies of all kinds. As a result, the market has a conservative, somewhat academic cast. But not all scholars and collectors believe conservatively. The paradox is that

manuscripts are saved for posterity by their value, but often their value prevents them from being saved for scholarship. Herbert Cohen, owner of the autograph manuscripts at the Pierpont Morgan Library (which he cites for the first time), stresses a collector's obligation to the past and the present. "When you buy a manuscript," he says, "you have purchased a part of our cultural heritage. You must preserve it carefully."

It is possible to find dealers who will assemble a collection for you the way an accountant assembles a portfolio. But that's like asking someone else to do your fly-fishing for you. All you can do with it is a crowd of dead trout and no memories. So begin by deciding whether the intellectual satisfaction of manuscripts is enough for you. If not, you will be disappointed. If yes, you will be happy. If you are a collector, you will be happy. If you are a collector, you will be happy. If you are a collector, you will be happy.

There are the fees and the maintenance that go with keeping any boat in the water. Also the worry that comes with pest problems that are not at all, in short, making an activity that can be so enjoyable, but the ownership of a twenty-foot boat can quickly take the fun out of the sport. Especially if you live in a landlocked apartment.

Well, there is a solution, a solution that is small enough to carry and dry-store but that will perform as well as any of those small ones that still need to be towed from berth to berth and come with all the headaches of ownership. This one does everything a racing sailboat is supposed to do. And this is well enough that John Bertrand, who is a member of America's Cup station, routinely races it in competition.

—Verlyn Klinkenborg

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## Man At His Best

mean something.

Furthermore, the Laser rewards the fittest, not merely the richest, among sailors. If you are overweight and out of shape, as some conspicuous owners of the America's Cup have been, it doesn't make any difference in a twice-a-year boat—especially if you own it. But if you intend to sail a Laser competitively, then you had best do your sit-ups, leg lifts, and aerobics.

Where you put your weight, no matter how much it is, will determine how well you sail a Laser. The boat comes with a harness that you slip your ankles into, catch the way you do down at the club when you are getting ready to do sit-ups. When you are firmly anchored, you take out over the side of the boat to give it the trim it

needs in high wind close-hauled. It sounds easy, but it is not. In fact, it is so demanding that serious Laser sailors usually work out—doing a lot of sit-ups—in order to be in shape for competition.

You can sail two to a boat—it can be quite pleasant, in fact—but the boat really responds best to 170 pounds of weight. This will cut down on your cocktail cruising and dressing in your whites and yacht boots. It won't cut as much as if you will get in your Laser, and that is only for December. But, for the price of a tuxedo and about three months' rent on a slip for a Pearson 27, you can have a second boat. That way, if you must sail with company, you can have a boat of your own.

—Thomas J. Jackson

## THE SEASONED COOK Worth Shelling Out For



OW is a couple of recent trips to Florida I pursued my favorite local delicacy: the wily coach. From Captain Jack's Coach Hut in St. Augustine to the Half Shell Raw Bar in Key West, from the Banana Boat in Boynton Beach to roadside counters on Cape Coral, I sampled coach in all its forms. Once, some years ago, in the Key Islands off Homestead, I had a coach stew that was as tropical and exotic as the plantation shed in which I ate it. And dur-

ing the Florida winter trip I ate a coach steak—basted the way you might do well—at the Ocean Turtle Inn in Islamorada. The chef there told me that when he was a boy, he used to get his pocket money by diving for coach. But now, he says, the boys that once surrounded the Keys have been so overhauled, there is practically no local coach left. He got his shipped in fresh each day from the Bahamas. Still, coach is wonderful to eat, however you get it. Of all the ways these sea

to prepare it, the most popular, and perhaps the best, is in a coach chowder.

The coach is a kind of gastropod, a large marine snail with a keratinous shell. Methods for cooking it out of the shell are almost as numerous as the ways you can cook it, since you've gotten it out. One Florida cook told me that he broods a small hole in the shell to loosen it, then bakes the coach by its foot in a fishbowl until gently done its work. In New York's Chinatown, where coach is sold on the street from carts, vendors unconsciously wash the shell with a hammer on the sidewalk after each he made your purchase. This seems an unnecessary effort for a sea lure as beautiful that it now, in Roman eyes, used by the tritons as a trawler.

### MAKE MINE MALLEABLE

To avoid subjecting either yourself or the coach to such indignity, your best bet is to buy it already shelled and cleaned. Don't fear, though, that you'll somehow miss the true, the authentic coach experience if you leave these preliminaries to the fishermen. But you will still have to tender the meat, which while tasty is also quite malleable in its natural state. Most of the Florida coach has a perfect form running the flesh through a meat grinder to break down the tough fiber and connective tissue in it. But this seems to me excessive. You want the meat to have a little chew to it so you know that it's coach and not some other flaccid beast, such as a clam. I recommend preparing the coach with a skillet, whose effects are easier to control than a grinder's. As soon as the meat begins to disintegrate, it's probably too soft.

To make chowder for me, you'll need to live in a coach that has been, as the Bahamians say, "basted." When you buy the coach, get the market to give you the boards and sieves from which the day's catch they're filtering. While you're introducing the coach, cook up the fish

scrips into a court bouillon by simmering them thirty minutes or more with a few onions, a couple of carrots and stalks of celery, and three parts water to one part dry white wine. You'll need about two quarts of this stock for the chowder. The other fresh ingredients you'll need are two and a half pounds of peeled potatoes, two medium onions, a large green pepper, a carrot, a leek, and another stalk of celery. Like the tenderized coach, all these vegetables should be sliced, but not too small. The pieces should be close enough together that each ingredient can be distinguished in the soup.

Put a quarter pound of salted pork in a pan over moderate heat, when it has given up its fat, remove the cubes with a slotted spoon. Sauté a teaspoon of minced garlic in the pork fat a few minutes, then add all the vegetables except the potatoes, stirring occasionally over low heat until well cooked. I also throw about a third of the coach at with the vegetables.

Cashew these ingredients in a pot with the rest of the coach, the two quarts of bouillon stock, which all of the fish parts and vegetables have been steamed, about a pound of peeled tomatoes, quartered and seeded, a six-ounce can of tomato paste, a couple of tablespoons of vinegar, and the seasoning: a teaspoon each of salt and pepper, a tablespoon each of sausage and powdered thyme, and six bay leaves.

Simmer for one to two hours, or until the coach is as tender as desired; adjust the potatoes about forty minutes before serving. The chowder will be spacy if you, which it should be, if you want to mellow it a little, add six or more tablespoons of dry sherry right at the end.

Seafood-based is a good accompaniment for this chowder, and the only one you need. It's only a dinner all by itself—use that comes complete with the basting, legal night by the sea.

—Colin L. Westerbeck Jr.

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## AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

## BY BOB GREENE ROB GREENE IS SEVENTY

*A family gathers to celebrate a father*

MY FATHER was going to be severely piers old, so our whole family decided that we would be there for the birthday. My parents were spending a couple of months in Florida; the birthday would fall during that time. We all made reservations to fly in Sarasota.

I arrived first with my wife and daughter; an hour or so later my brother and his wife showed up. We sat around the condominium where my folks were staying, but it still felt incomplete. My sister, her husband, and their daughter were due in mid-evening.

We made sandwiches out of cold cuts and cheese and talked, all the while watching the back door. A little after 8:00 we saw a pair of headlights coasting; the sedan car stopped, and my sister was the first to get out.

For the first time in many years all of us were under the same roof again.

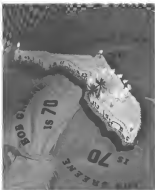
MY FATHER'S name is Bob Greene. I am Bob Greene Jr., although I do not use the Jr.

We are probably no closer distant than most fathers and sons, we

been especially good at expressing emotions to each other. Trust of the family did trust that night as we sat with the open to the warm wind and remarkable thing was: the love together.

I kept smoking looks at. I think we all maintain a vision that we learned to accept as children; when I think of my father in terms of the man who was when I was a teenager. I do, though, and he was, indeed,

not sure I ever thought she would come. Seventy. I have your old father. Your father is dead. Your grandfather, maybe. Your father.



IN THE morning, we gathered around while he opened his presents. He made a production of it, he read every word of every card aloud, and held up every gift for all of us to see.

My mother had arranged for T-shirts to be printed up, and now we all were wearing them. On the front of each shirt were the words *WOMAN SUFFRAGE* in 10

At first I wondered why he was taking so much time with the parents, and then I realized that he did not want this day to end. He had been the president of his company before he retired in 1980, but in the five years since, I got the impression that time sometimes dragged for him. Now we all were here, and he was the center of attention: he was going to make it last as long as he could.

We walked outside and all stood in our T-shirts; my father asked a man in one of the neighboring condominiums if he would take a family picture of us. The man would be glad to, as soon as he could with

of the shirts he congratulated my father. As the man located the camera, my father gave him orders about how to take the picture properly: center us in the little box in the middle of the newsworld; make sure the red light was on. Still the executive

THAT NIGHT we had reserved a private room at a restaurant called the Bucanero, just down Gulf of Mexico Drive from the condominium. It was a restaurant that, almost thirty years ago, our family had visited during a spring vacation ending in Bermuda. My mother reminded us of that, so much time had passed that nothing about it looked familiar.

There was a respectable set up, we found our places, and the waitress took excited orders. Up on the wall was one of those faded-out one-jokeer printed sheets with a message running across it in giant letters, banner-style. It had been sent by some of my father's oldest friends.

and had been locked up by the manager of the restaurant. It said we salute you, HAZEL OR NOLA WITH THE HOPPERHEAD.

The World War II reference seemed like something out of another age, and I suppose that at that point it is. The manager called my mother into the hallway, and when she returned she looked mildly upset.

"The woman with the guitar phoned to ask," she said.

"Never mind," I said. "We're in charge."

My sister got out of her seat and started passing folders to everyone at the table. Inside were songs that the family had composed for the occasion, the restaurant had told us that a woman with a guitar would be available to accompany us.

"Don't open it yet," I said to my father. Naturally he started to open it.

**THE FIRST SONG WAS TO THE TUNE OF "SIDE BY SIDE." WE KNEW IT WAS COMEDY, AND WE ARE NOT A VERY DEMONSTRATIVE FAMILY BY NATURE, BUT THE LOOK ON MY FATHER'S FACE MADE IT WORTHWHILE.**

"Don't," I said, although I was capable of telling him what to do, even something as minor as this.

"Let's start," my sister said.  
The first song was to the tune of "Side by Side." We all sang together:

*Oh, we're having a small celebration,  
Now we are all on vacation.  
We got a bang  
Out of having our gang  
Side by side.*

We all knew it was comedy, and we are not a very demonstrative family by nature, but the look on my father's face made it worthwhile. The next song was to the tune of "New York, New York," if we are to be demonstrative, we are also about as so-New York as you can get, but somehow there didn't seem to be any joy in singing the song, so the absence of the guitar player, my brother-in-law began the introduction to the song "Da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da," and then we were into it.

*Start spreading the news  
My day is here,  
We're come to be part of it,  
Dah Gee-ee, Dah Gee-ee.*

He seemed to be almost hysterical. My sister sang a song that she had written, a song that occluded some memories that was funnier in retrospect than when they had happened, the night he revealed my Beach Boys T-shirt album and left it in pieces on my bedroom floor, for example.

"I never did that," my father said.  
"You did it," I said.

"Why would I do that?" he said.  
"Because Bobby called my date 'beard' and tried to sleep with our last boat doc with a beard," my sister said.

"Well, you shouldn't have done that," my father said.

My brother had gone through some old scrapbooks and discovered various bits of memorabilia. There was a poem that I had written for my father in 1956, for his forty-first birthday; it was pretty lame, even for a now-year-old, but reading the poem was probably easier than trying to say what I was feeling at this moment, so I began:

*If I draw a map of world and sky,  
You couldn't draw a water way  
Then Godly  
We taught you how to write and die,  
And this, my friends, is not a lie,  
We taught you how to climb a tree,  
And may the world always know him  
As a real nice guy.  
This is a real nice guy.*

The thing that got to him was "Moon Glow." When we were growing up, that was the song that he always used to play in the piano when his friends came to our house for parties. My impression of it was at the same time vague and specific: all of the grown-ups would come over, and we would be allowed to come downstairs just before bedtime, and then our father would be in the middle of all the people, at the piano, playing "Moon Glow."

So here we were in Florida, and we started singing a song that my mother had composed, to the tune of "Moon Glow."

*Can't you love that time in,  
What you could see do,  
We had to see "Moon Glow"  
To bring our songs to you—  
And when there's a party  
Dance on on one,  
If "Moon Glow" is playing  
The player must be you.*

I was sitting next to my father and I saw him drop his head for a moment. The family kept singing:

*But once it's your birthday  
We all at your side  
We had to see "Moon Glow"  
To sing our love to you.*

When I looked at him again he was crying. Not all that poetically; it was very close to a sob, and I looked over and my mother and my sister were crying, and my brother was about to start, too.

"You've never seen me cry before, have you?" my father said to me.  
And I said that no, I hadn't.

SOMEONE WALKED out into the bar area of the restaurant and said something to the piano player, who began playing "New York, New York" as loudly as he could, so that the sound carried over into our little room. Everyone started singing the "Bob Greene, Bob Greene" song again. My daughter was getting restless, so I got up from the table and said that I'd take her for a walk.

We went hand in hand down the main hallway of the restaurant, and suddenly I saw something that I recognized from all those years ago when we had come to Sarasota as a family. To go along with the piano music of the thirties, the restaurant had filled a restaurant cheat with tracks and tapestries. Any children who visited the restaurant were invited to play; now I remembered having done just that as a little boy, and now my own daughter was running around the corners of

the titanium chest.

I looked at her, and something from the morning came back to me. It was when we was all wearing the T-shirts, the fact of having the same name as your father sometimes can be a strange one, and I remembered seeing my little girl with the words was carved in it printed on the front of her shirt, and thinking a lot of things about the past, and the future, and the morning of time going by. She selected a memento from the titanium chest—it was a small cross-shaped plaque bearing the logo of the Cleveland Indians—and we went back to the party again.

WE HAD our dinner, and we sang some more, and it was time to go home. There was an interesting moment, we had been having drinks during the celebration, and my brother and I thought it would be a good idea if someone else drove my father's car back to the condominium. My father said that he was fine, he was able to drive. But we were insistent that he not do it.

So we stood there talking back and forth, and I remembered all of the discomfortable conversations out of our past, when my father had lost down the rules and my brother and sister and I had followed them. Now, even though we were clearly in the right, it felt awkward for my brother and me to be telling our father that he had to listen to us and obey our wishes. The whole argument lasted only a minute or two, he gave us, implicitly allowing that we were correct. But it was suddenly something that none of us were used to, he was still the father at the table.

WE WOULD be all staying in Florida for a day or two more, but then we would return to our homes; our father was away, but we children all had work to do, and this was destined not to be a long trip.

So we left the restaurant and headed back to the condominium. Some of us left like staying up for a while, some felt like going to bed. We all carried the songbooks, and my father held the computer printer banner with the seminar of his Army days.

Suddenly I never thought about my father being seventy, and I have up when whether I'd make it that far. There are times I wish I were better at saying things out loud. It was a little night, I looked out across the Gulf of Mexico, at the top of the water, watching the moon glow.

**BOB GREENE** is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine. His journalist edition of the *Atlantic* and *Men's* magazines. A Father's Journal of the *Children's* Year has been published by Penguin.



Ottawa, Ontario/Canada

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### ETHICS

BY HARRY STEEN

## GOOD OLD-FASHIONED IDEALISM

*In these self-absorbed times we must struggle against indifference*

THIS PIECE was begun in the midst of this new thing called President's Week—to be precise, on the day following the one celebrated in George Washington's birthday this year.

It is difficult to say who invented President's Week, or even, with exactitude, when it fell. To the untrained eye it appears not to be a week at all, seeming to last as long as local merchants decide it should. For five or eight or twelve days the holiday boys are always out, staring resolutely out at us from the newspaper ads, offering us fatherly counsel about insurance or musically promoting automobiles on the tube. Then, just as suddenly, they are gone, returned to the pages of the history books.

One of us find this terribly strange. It is never the way things are. In a society in which sex and anything are used as selling tools even on Saturday morning—in which, to an astonishing extent, these commodities are packaged and sold over the counter—what's so odd about a couple of national heroes turning up as pitchmen?

Indeed, as an unspoken way—hell, generally in a spoken way—we regard with a national nod-out with something quite like pride. In contrast most notably to certain Old World cultures, we have never been constrained by our past, or by our better selves, that obliging in wholly alien to the national character. "For me, born and brought up in a very old country, America seems a freemason," an insightful young Chinese states in these shores named not long ago in *The Boston Globe*. "People here fight against anything sluggish and stagnant."

And so we often do. I have a friend, an American journalist living in Paris, who recently found himself at war with the local communist de jure—over the fact that, as a volunteer of local resistance, he had taken month-old deplumes frequently peddled on the grass in a neighborhood park. Each day my friend would set the child on



the same patch of lawn to place each day he would be handed a suitcase—a process that continued until the American family left on vacation and returned to find a house erected around the disputed territory. My friend has now taken the matter to city hall.

It has even been argued, and by perfectly sensible souls, that it is our very freedom from our past, our willingness to stride out in new directions, never mind the improbability or the risk, that most distinguishes us as a people. What other culture could have produced Walt Disney? Or, for that matter, the frustrated secretary who one day came up with the idea for *Liquid Paper*? "I never believed it until I got here," a Swedish woman I know told me recently, explaining her decision to relocate on these shores, "but there is a special energy to this place."

This kind of thing does women for the other half collective ego. It is not for nothing that Ronald Reagan, among others, has done so nicely over the years by

keeping his finger on the self-congratulatory button. But then, this reflex to always come up with a way of regarding our lives in a positive light is one of those virtues that is just as often a liability, obscuring truths that ought to be acknowledged and acted upon.

That need of us, to return to the scene immediately at hand, are so lightly acquainted with our own past, engorged by the dramatic headlines—Mrs. JFK's box kit, or, courtesy of David O. Selznick, the burning of Atlanta—while essentially indifferent to the gritty-gritty of historical context or evolving policy, is hardly an incidental matter. And the fact that that general tendency is increasingly pronounced is increasingly pronounced is nothing short of ominous.

If truth be told, be acknowledged that ignorance is not a new invention—and we have had some collective problems in this regard at least since the rise of what Winston Churchill called "Blonde hair" under Jackson. Edmonds on spotty have likely

been a staple of the secondary-school press since before the dawn of the Republic. But it is also the case that once, not terribly long ago, Americans grew up with an emotional connection to their heritage, with an understanding of the communal past that, narrow as it often was, placed maximum emphasis on values and deeds. I recall my mother, the daughter of a Russian-speaking, describing how, from first grade on up, she and her classmates heard over and over and over the tales not only of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln but of the meaning of their lives. "And overnight," she recalled, "we were so committed to 'American principles'—that's what they were called—so anyone who'd been here five hundred years. She laughed. "Usually more so."

Into the Filters and Series that pretty much modernized the tale. The most popular books in my own elementary school library, the ones that never seemed to be available, were a series about the child-

## BETWEEN VIETNAM AND WATERGATE, MANY OF US HAVE, IN UNCONSCIOUS SELF-PROTECTION, SIMPLY OPTED OUT, DEMANDING LESS AND LESS OF SOCIETY AT LARGE AND, FINALLY, OF OURSELVES.

heads of notable Americans. John Quincy Adams—Ben Franklin made a particular impression on me, along with Woodrow Wilson—Ray Peterson. And of course, when Lincoln's and Washington's heads were radiocasted—back then, they didn't have the same days each year—the teach-in world, at the very least, read the Gettysburg Address as though a flowchart. Valley Forge before we were allowed to head home for The Midway Motel Club.

But it may as well have been another century. Not long ago, according to my daughter's belief for one of those books with a poem on each of the Presidents, I was told that these hadn't been one published since the Nixon years.

Which, of course, is not a bad starting point for those looking into how we've reached this particular juncture. Between Vietnam and Watergate, however, the relentless debasement of reasoning by the advertisers and the endless pandering to ignoble instincts by the networks and so on, many of us have, in an unconscious self-protection, simply opted out, demanding less and less of society at large and, finally, of ourselves. It is, indeed, those who insist on adhering to even minimal standards who the so-called are most obviously out of step. "I don't know what to do on any more," complained a friend of mine recently, having just sat through one of those corrupt-as-a-gate money that are suddenly all the rage—a genre in which getting caught and fleeing (trying to get off in yesterday's behavior, while convincing himself in academics irretrievably marks one as a loser. "Every time I go to the movies these days, I end up identifying with the hero."

Under the circumstances, the fact of President's Week hardly seems worthy of special note. Except that this latest one happens to have been marked by a pair of events that, taken in tandem, give indication about that particular aspect of business as usual.

First, most dramatically, there was the shortest denunciation of General William C. Westmoreland's belated apology to CBS. After the fact, perhaps notwithstanding the circumstances appear to have been dictated principally by the weight of the evidence brought forth by the network to support its evidence indicating that in the interest of stimulating support for a deniable, perhaps even necessary, and government officials systematically misled the press and public alike as to the nature of the conflict in Vietnam.

Except at this late date, such a revelation suddenly indicates a certain. For one thing

it recalls all the passion of that agonizing time—and the suffocating tension so many of us had, even then, that the truth was being routinely skewed. For another, the discussion was, finally, less about Cambodia than about flesh and blood. "American fighting men by the thousands," as Monday's Patrick O'Connell observed in a particularly lucid post-mortem on the trial, "had fallen to victimize not by those who, Westmoreland claimed, were without military experience."

But most pointedly, what emerged from the Westmoreland case bears directly on this indifference of ours, individual and general, to the particulars of history, including that of our own time. Even as Westmoreland's lawyer scrambled to put together a deal with CBS, our current President was making a foreign policy decision that seemed only one of the other acts. "How sad again we've added those around the world struggling for freedom, democracy, independence, and liberation from tyranny," he declared, in justification of his Central American policy. "There are over fifteen thousand American fighters struggling for liberty and democracy in Nicaragua." "They are," he added in a subsequent address, "the moral equal of our Founding Fathers."

Now, one need not be too hasty about the Standards to have been taken aback by this. Those thus described, after all, in large measure the remnants of an altogether impugned regime—individuals who, in many cases, contributed to a sustained reign of terror against their own countrymen and ones today are charged with outrageous human rights abuses. Yet, while it cannot be said that there has been a rallying to the President's cause—and he continues to have his problems with Congress—in of this wringing, his remarks have provoked nothing like the general outcry they merit.

It is not, one supposes, impossible that someone a case could be made for a so-called American intervention in Central America. But that one was not remotely it, it was, quite simply, "intellectually wrong, balderdash," as retired Army colonel Gena B. Hawkins, a key witness in the Westmoreland case, characterized his own long-term complicity in the Vietnam venture.

In a sadder society, the question would already have touched off a bitter, unceasingly deniable. Which is pure hypocrisy, San Francisco's casual disregard for facts or his racial obnoxiousness. Not, of course, that the two are equally unpalatable. Why, for example, in light of Reagan's embarrassing press assertion that "The German people have

very few Jews that, even remember the war, and certainly none who were adults and participating in my war," should any of us have been surprised by his confusion over the day brushed off by his plans to visit the Bialystok cemetery? ("It's simply untrue that Reagan is insensitive to the issue of Nazism," a friend of mine said at the time. "He cares very much that the Nazis not be made to feel bad.") Why, for that matter, should anyone be taken aback that a man who has passed a career untouched by the moral imperatives of his time, lives civil rights to Vietnam to the struggle against apartheid—a President, moreover, whose conservative director, Patrick Buchanan, has vigorously advocated abolition of the Justice Department office that tracks down Nazi war criminals in this country—should take such a stance in the first place? Why, above all, do such matters continue to weigh heavily at all upon the collective mind and conscience?

And so, one finds oneself these days reflecting more and more on what the price in the President's Week newspaper ads might have made of it all, not pretty much knowing, Washington and Lincoln were as human as any of us, but the public life of each, animated by a commitment to principle, a respect for the head of principled defiance, was a work of art.

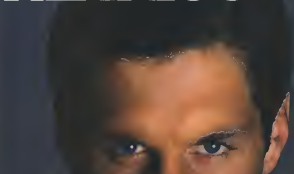
I know, I know, these words, high-minded and ringing with purpose, are the kind we have grown most accustomed to being told, so, regularly, they are abused. But somehow, somehow we must strive to retrieve their meaning. For in stimulating our capacity for idealism, we do as an incentive to ourselves, to act another, to the whole of the human community.

And along the way we should be sustained by the knowledge that, even in times not nearly so well-served as these, individuals of character have had to struggle against temptations for greed or disservice. The author of the following is not a lawyer (he is any representative of the liberal press, but Abraham Lincoln, responding in 1855 to opportunistic politicians of his own age peddling their own brand of narrow bigotry. "When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despots can be taken pure, and without the base show of hypocrisy."

Then in the case we know. And he was born on February 12.

HARRY STEIN is the author of *William and Oliver* (Lantern), published by St. Martin's Press. He is currently working on a book about growing up Jewish in America.

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## A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

# SMART MONEY

### The Investor How to Corner a Market



Nothing so inflames the speculative imagination as the age-old dream of cornering an entire market. The corner is the ultimate alchemy by which money legions sweep, in an instant, personal cash into incredible investments "piles," because it involves the total purchase of the whole game.

There have enough to have attempted it—adventurers such as Joseph Leiter, the twenty-eight-year-old dreamer who almost cornered the world's wheat supply in 1909, Thomas Howard, who did corner all of the corn with a few shillings' influence in the Depression year of 1931, a friend of mine named George, and the best I remember, Stuart, who would have taken control of all the silver on earth if the boys who ran the exchanges hadn't changed the rules on them—except a room by themselves at the postoffice of investment, but they were willing to risk everything in order to own it all.

The mechanics of a corner are less complex than you might think. Most corners you hear about employ the futures markets to facilitate the process, so you simply convince a futures speculator to agree to sell you some commodity in the future—say a million tray ounces of silver at ten dollars an ounce to be delivered next March. Repeat this contract a large number of times over again with others. You now proceed to buy up as much of the existing silver in the world that, as March approaches, the poor schmuck who owes you have to compete among themselves to get hold of the stuff. For various reasons (think, think), they've discovered a shortage—and the price goes high.

If the corner's really solid, these "shorts" will even

pay you to take it as a gift. With that said, let's look at the actual case of Joseph Leiter, who came to your office, or coach, or polo, and try to buy derivatives out of your commitments (futures contracts) at that, that, that price. (They're not speculative anyway, and nobody asked them to wonder out your market, so don't feel guilty yet.)

Your next appointment will probably be with representatives from Federal Reserve Bank, who will crawl to your doorstep in search of the huge quantities of real estate those companies need to raise photographs like "Star Wars."

You should sleep well at night now, because nobody in the world can make more money in silver than you. The market, in short, is yours. It

should be noted that if you've chosen a corner in wheat, people might start in a minute of the price of wheat you've invested (wheat futures), but there are other, far more practical impediments before trudging down to the Board of Trade.

First, despite the considerable opportunities to leverage your effort using futures, the big contracts will cost you an amount between one and ten dollars long, and even then, you always seem to be aware of the small price after agreed that you think Joseph Leiter's speculative near-corner of wheat cost his ledger ten million 1907 dollars, because next time Philip Aronson paid to have clients' wheat through the futures Great Lakes to the Canadian wheat harvest could come to market and break

both Leiter and his corner. A second problem is that the "speculation" of the price of a regulated market is illegal, so the Hart boys have recently been informed by the government. The policing of commodities markets is, at best, casual when compared with the way enforcers watch stock trades, but there's always a chance you'll get caught.

Third, if the people who owe you, say, a good portion of the live hogs that live in the United States realize that you don't have much at home to store the bacon-in-les, that you were only after their money all along, they are going to wait you out until you have to unload your contracts to avoid millions of pigs arriving on your front lawn. As you "pale out" your positions, the price will collapse. To avoid this counter-spectacle by the shorts, you should be so accurate that nobody knows what you're in up to. Cornering a market is much like "shooting the moon" in the game of hearts. If the others know your gambit too early, you're done.

If the big markets are out of your reach, there are still hundreds of "diamond," less expensive markets around that you'll even corner by heart. There are markets in exotic chemicals, metals, oils, and food products that aren't big enough to trade on large exchanges through formal futures contracts but are still in demand. Take mustard seed, as my friend George did a while back when he headed in the North American market in the staff.

Since a dominant producer like R. T. French has up to 60 percent of the seed crop way in advance, the mustard-seed market was small enough for George to take a "very big

**G**eorge bought the market at seven and a half cents a pound and unloaded it a few months later at forty-two.

## SMART MONEY

### The Tax Adviser Can a Second Home Be a Shelter?



The tax adviser on this column comes from Raymond Schreyer, partner in charge of tax and financial planning for the New York office of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

Despite Congress's an unwitting assault on such indulgences, vacation homes are still hard to beat, at least from the standpoint of convenience. Generally speaking, they are appreciating assets, income producers, and the only tax shelter almost equipped with a view. And using a second home as a second rental property part of the year can help make your summer retreat pay its own way.

In the simplest case, owning a second home entitles you to deduct the real estate taxes and mortgage interest payments from your other income, just as you do with your principal

residence. Then you can rent out the house for a maximum of fourteen days during peak season at an outrageous rate and promote the rental income for those two weeks tax-free.

If the property is rented out longer—and you used it less than two weeks or 10 percent of the total time the house is rented it drops to thirty-three days. In thirty-three days, whatever it generates is considered a rental property. Here is where the tax breaks begin to add up. While all the rental income is taxable, the owner is entitled to write off on a pro rata basis such expenses as depreciation, maintenance, and utilities, as well as all of the taxes and most mortgage deductions. And if you stay within the "two weeks or 10 percent" requirement, it is possible to operate the property as a tax-deductible loss.

In this case, the deductions would

exceed the rental income, and the loss can be used to offset other income.

And there are two little footnotes that make the fourteen-day restriction on personal use less than a hardship. Let's say you own a Boca Raton beach house that is rented out for three months seasonally, and you vacation there for fourteen days each year. You can always stay longer than the two-week limit or return at another time if your purpose is, say, to paint the terrace or pitch the roof. You can also rent your vacation home to a family member as long as it is at a fair market rate.

On the other hand, when personal use exceeds the fourteen-day restriction or 10 percent of the total rental time, the deductions are limited. You are entitled to take deductions only to the extent the property generated income, and the expenses are divided between personal and rental use. If the Boca beach house is used for four months each year and one month of that time is set aside for personal pleasure, then 25 percent of the expenses would be personal, only 75 percent of the depreciation, maintenance, and utility costs related to rental use can be deducted. Moreover, the interest and taxes allocable to rental use are subtracted from the rental income, and taking the expense deductions could leave you with a loss. But because the house was used for more than fourteen days, you cannot report a tax loss.

Before you start sketching your dream house, remember that the Treasury Department has proposed curtailing many of the tax benefits of owning a second home. Still, it's highly unlikely that the Treasury will succeed entirely in the real estate shelter has always been among the hottest specimens of the endangered winter-calls.

—Reported by Janet Conrad

# How the smart money gets that way.

There's a somewhat mysterious group of individuals living among us known collectively as The Smart Money. They're said to be prophets and sages, with first call on the world's available supply of luck.

The truth, as usual, is far less mysterious. They're simply better informed. And they read Barron's.

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## Money Terms

**JUNK BONDS** is the rather blunt phrase that describes the high-yield, high-risk, low-rated bonds used in finance corporate take-overs. There's been a lot of talk in the media of late because often these high-risk securities are the only way investors can buy enough leverage to pull off their buy-outs. Though the rates on junk bonds are undeniably effective (20 percent is not unheard of), the risks are considerable. In other words, this is not the perfect bond to bring to birth, happiness, and heretofore. Not that they aren't a profitable venture. The man who invented them—Michael Milken of Wall Street's Drexel Burnham Lambert—made \$25 million last year. Not bad for a junkman. —David Miller

significant position." George bought the market at seven and a half cents a pound and unloaded in a few months time at forty-two cents. He sold out quickly and carefully through numerous brokers to keep the price up, and he eventually netted millions of dollars.

For a brief moment, big old George was measured. His courage and brilliantly conceived concentration of resources—and the fact that he had the father of a Chicago Stock Market's hockey player to trumpet through the mainstream fields of Canada making deals with farmers—had all conspired so symmetrically in time that he actually came to own a full cycle of autumn. Only big companies and rich people took a lot. It was sort of like art or getting a perfect game, and everyone who knew about it was proud to have George in a fixed.

"The risk factor inherent in the market corner rests as far forward as the end point of the investment continuum in its reward factor sits near the other. The corner, in the end, is such an audacious, almost nihilistic act that it seems to arrive, if nothing else, to end missing to more sensible, cowardly and less lucrative sorts of investments made by the rest of us. Even George says, 'It's a world of shanks and mirrors, and almost everyone's home is a mirror'."

So even if some magic column reforms you that the markets in general, black paper, audit, capitalism, and mind, off all looking rather small and vulnerable—or that just a few farmers reading in there or four counties in Wisconsin produce so much of the available meat, crop that if somebody managed to secure that meat during harvest season and hold it for a while, he'd have the chewing gum industry over a barrel—by all means, spare him. If you're hard or too a look. —Donald R. Katz

# BARRON'S

NATIONAL BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL WEEKLY

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## SMART MONEY

### The Strategist How to Manage Up

The chairman's annual chat with security analysts was just minutes away, and the excruciating confidence man was poised for his arrival. Board members from the vast nonwood table in meticulous symmetry a pitcher of water waited in anticipation at each place setting. We slipped out from the corporate class and waited. Edna, the chairman's assistant, entered. "Frank wants to see you," she said, her face beaming with worry. I knew the look. Frank had flown again.

In the executive suite I found the chairman staring disconsolately out the window. "This was a poor idea, Stan," he said, remembering the not-so-solid arches of financial cynosures and industry hypebirds with which we had prepared him. "And if this doesn't go well, it's your ass." His eyes, cast in thought, bore into mine.

"Come on, Frank," I replied, weary. "You're totally ready, and you're going to do great." I placed a comforting but respectful arm on his shoulder and made magnetic eye contact. "Maybe you're right," he said, and, seeing his shoulders slumped out of the office to do battle. Later that day, after the meeting had been over, Frank gave me a call. "Thanks for your good work on the prep set," he said cheerfully. "I was a little nervous beforehand. I hope you didn't take me seriously." I answered him I hadn't. "Even the great ones get stage fright," I said. "This was a moment of timely preparation in which I could feel my status rising."

All people require encouragement. At the lower branches of the tree this presents no problem. There are loads of techniques to tell you what to do. But those who occupy the apex are so lowly-seeded of guidance. In fact, since they're generally more experienced, less conventional, and closer to their nature than their subordinates are, they need far direction to be sure. The only real method for senior people, however, often must come from below, and the executive who can actively manage his superiors



can wield a powerful weapon.

The sad truth is, many successful people are deeply unbalanced—creaky, egotistical, autistic when thwarted, non-musical about their jobs, and neglectful of their personal lives. So much the better for you. When, in a bad season, the executive vice president calls for a poster, a bit of business vision has up. When the chairman is late-morning, hope's your best bet. Flattering, cajoling, listening, scheming—well, more often than not, just plain stoking—often important arrows in your owner. And if you get a chance to pour a good business idea into the ear of top management as the process, that's what makes it all worthwhile.

Someone's "managing up" means being your target and influencing your pride at the same time. Most top men are notoriously possessive of the limelight. At one advertising agency my friend Ted was called to submit his ideas the night before a glowing meeting. The next day the senior exec began the session by telling about several designs Ted contributed as his own. "They're just some initial thoughts," he just said. "I was just thinking."

He set, as directed, and the chairman continued. My friend, by the way, received a

promotion not long after. The top guy wasn't stealing his ideas, not exactly. He was just adding a corporate asset, which, after all, was his prerogative. For his part, Ted demonstrated discretion, maturity, and selflessness before the highest audience.

Managing up, however, is not the same thing as cronyism—manipulation, which is neither nor dignified. No politician needs to be surrounded by a pack of sycophantic vice-presidents, a couple. And they don't get no respect. So develop a reputation for being your own man, within reason. Don't be afraid to be firm with authority, even if it means a little respectful shouting. A friend at a publishing company had a debate set-to with his boss not long ago at the Point Club of the Pacific. He'd had a decent entry when the leader's case in the crowd of notes being marched. After they were read my friend told his boss he was reading my friend's entry. He'd been told to read my friend's entry. He'd been told to read my friend's entry. He'd been told to read my friend's entry.

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First of all, you must be a standard risk. There are many standard risk classes (life insurance policy owner) or hobbies (skydiving, or amateur/an automatically disqualified). Beyond that, no physical exertion is actually required for the most basic health discount: the nonowner's life insurance discount. Because of the medical risks between smokers and such heavy drinkers as heart disease and lung cancer, insurance companies have been rewarding nonowners with lower rates for twenty years. Today four out of five life insurance companies offer discounts averaging from 10 to 15 percent. Others—such as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the country's second-largest insurer—reserve their best rate for those who not only have health criteria. Smokers are automatically disqualified.

Nonowner's discounts are generally available for both individual and family life policies. Some companies also offer them for the increasingly popular variable and universal life policies. And given the Surgeon General's warnings on every pack of cigarettes, you

## SMART MONEY

### Insurance

#### A Policy of Fitness



would assume that nonowner's discounts are also available for disability insurance. This is not the case, however. "There is very little hard data on smoking-related disability," says Jay Dearden, director of health-marketing services at the Mutual Life Insurance Company, "but our data have told us we have better experience with people who are not smokers." So back in 1983 Mutual began to offer a nonowner's discount on disability coverage, now 30 percent.

Nonowner's discounts for such seemingly unrelated forms of coverage as homeowner and automobile insurance are even rarer. But if you live near the Mutual Group (because that's where the policy

holder insurance group primarily operates) and have been a nonowner for at least two years, several of the preferred risk companies of the Farmers Insurance Group, which sells such discounts. One of the Farmers companies, Pioneer Mutual, offers nonowner's discounts for drivers more than two years ago. Last month, another company, the Farmers, said the company, which now offers discounts ranging from 12 to 25 percent on bodily injury, property damage, collision, and no-fault coverage. Since 1972, Farmers has also offered nonowner's discounts on homeowner policies.

But it is in life insurance where the first representative and, in some cases, the largest discounts are offered. The key

is regular, strenuous exercise. At Allstate they call it Shape Up & Save. Depending on your age and the face amount of your policy, enrolling in a *Healthy America* plan earns you an additional 15 to 30 percent over Allstate's normal nonowner's discount.

To qualify, you must have been a nonowner for at least the last twelve months and not have had your driver's license suspended or revoked during the last three years. For the past year, you must also have participated in one or more of the following exercises at least three times a week for at least thirty minutes on each occasion: aerobic or interval exercise, bicycling, jogging/jumping, racquetball/badminton, swimming, gymnastics/aerobics, weight training/walking (at least two miles in total) or tennis.

In addition, you must do two out of three of the following: participate in one of the above forms of exercise at least five times a week for thirty minutes each time, wear a sunbath at least 75 percent of the time—whether driving or riding in a car, or participate in a vehicle equipped with an air bag. For some, Allstate's discount is available only for short-term policies, but for all will soon be offered on its universal-life policies as well.

Remember, though, not to be hypnotized by any discount. Insurance is a very competitive business, and shop around and use the policy that best suits your needs. —Peter D. Lawrence

## Financial

### HOTLINE

For the ultimate plug-in-term, the answer is the *Nonowner's*, or a quiet nonowner with the help, the new generation of compact, portable computers can save as a quick substitute offer and allow you to both a new lease of work into a busy social schedule. And the experts seem to agree that the preferred traveling companion is the new *Quantum* portable computer, which weighs less than five pounds and operates

for twenty hours on built-in rechargeable batteries. The *Quantum* is equipped with 640 memory, a socket to read files over the phone, and the powerful "WordStar" word-processing program built in. A battery-operated printer and additional memory can be purchased separately. Priced at \$1895, the *Quantum* is also one of the best buys around.

If you harbor after the personal wealth of Wall Street bad-of-faithers, but don't you can enter the financial sector that inspired their fortunes, don't despair. Influential investors are closely followed, and in many cases their progress is a matter of

public record. The Securities and Exchange Commission requires companies to report any purchase that exceeds 5 percent of a company's stock, and a select number of the reports—called 13D filings—are published daily in the SEC News Digest. By studying the techniques of the experts, you can create an investment strategy that seems well suited to your purposes and pocket money. Monitoring the moves of the smart-money set is easy to do, and a number of computer services and newsletters report the stock trades of bona fide investors. *Disclosure* (\$162 River Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20812; tel: 800-638-8242) is a computer

data-base service that provides select financial information to stock acquisitions made during the preceding calendar quarter. *Disclosure* charges forty-five dollars an hour (variable) for computer time. Copies of selected documents such as 10Ks cost fifty-two cents a page, with a twenty-five-dollar minimum. *Street Smart Incorporated* (2000 Maple Hill Street, Fort Worth Heights, New York 10595; tel: 914-662-4444) publishes a biweekly newsletter that notes the stock transactions of one thousand leading hedgefunds with reputations for winning big. Two corporate insiders operate in equity in position, according to an *Investment* editor, who says, "We are basically an intelligence service. We identify who the real money-makers are and what they are doing." A subscription costs \$350 a year.

**E**xecutive privileges apparently don't include privacy anymore. And according to Robert Ellis Smith, publisher of the *Washington-based Privacy Journal*, other business leaders (I am not, they frequent affairs may be as widely circulated as their personal lives. The absolute details are not hard to come by: private credit bureaus regularly swap information with credit-card companies, banks, department stores, utilities, and every other interested parties. A new employer or insurance agency can easily find out your past salary, credit, and employment records, loan applications, and driving habits. If you want to find out what government and credit-bureau companies are saying behind your back, you can start with the *Truth, The Privacy and Fair Credit acts* guarantee your right to know and, if necessary, demand any of your personal records. For problems in the private sector, check with your local chapter of the *American Civil Liberties Union* to see what protections exist in your state.

If business-as-usual means another boring morning meeting, then it's no surprise that *Baron's* *Prolog* and company were called in to reform the pervasive privilege issue. If it started when Jim Baron, creator of the *Prolog* magazine, was asked to find a way to keep IBMers entertained during less-than-stellar routine sales and training seminars. The magazine's level of corporate culture was such a success that *Newsweek* (1941 for short) in New York City: 212-754-2400 is now selling its entire line of *Prolog* magazines to businesses ranging from *Glenn's* in Essex to help collect the newswires. The sales list, with such titles as *Self*, *Self* and *Let's Have a Dinner*, can be purchased for \$400 to \$1000, or rented for \$150. —David Conant

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**THINK** about the place you live in. Think about the reasons you chose it, about why you're still there. Think about the quality of the light and whether it suits you. Think about whether it lets you do what you like: play the saxophone into the small hours, tend an herb garden by the kitchen, escape to a heavenly room to enjoy the company of your music or your books. Most of all, think about whether you can recognize yourself in the design of this place or whether you exist as separate—there's you, and it, and you're in it.

The pages that follow are devoted to the values and visions of a number of America's young architects, and to the idea that a home is as much an emotional investment as it is a financial one. That a house is not just a place to hang your hat, but the rightful center of life's priorities: family, friends, and special pastimes.

Once upon a time, Americans needed no such reminder. The family house was built, bought, and maintained to last a lifetime. Then things changed. Over the last decade, millions of Americans began moving from city to city with ever greater speed and abandon. They were seeking not just a better climate but new opportunities in emerging industries in sunny parts. The houses and apartments they moved into became stopovers, not homes. At the same time, a vast generation came of house-buying age—and the resulting demand, together with mounting interest rates, forced young families to settle, not dream, as in putting down roots, but for, as

in places with walls so thin you could easily see through them.

To those who could afford houses—the old-fashioned kind, with space, amenities, and a backyard—the place was considered to be so much a shelter for needs as for commitments. It was where capital could grow big and steady. And if any psychic comfort was derived, it came not much from the doubling of neighborhood and estate values as from how the morning sun warmed the rooms.

Still, in the summer of 1985, there is hope. The locked-out generation is coming home. Prosperous neighborhoods in older cities are being discovered and reclaimed. Everywhere there are architects and designers—themselves part of the generation of chartered expectations—who are making the best of today's hard economic realities. Whatever their individual aesthetic, these architects believe that a home—be it a rental apartment, a condo, or a house—is the place where the needs and joys, backyard or no, where daily life is enjoyed, if only breakfast coffee with a comforting room, where the walls define the space in which our most immediate affections are exchanged, as master the square footage.

The houses that follow are not for everyone, and that's the point. Yet the values they are built upon—intelligence, individuality, and craftsmanship—are the materials available to all, and cheaper than you think. You just have to know how to recognize them—and settle for nothing less.

# Three Full Floors and Not a Wasted Inch. Versatile. Romantic. Ideal for Entertaining

**THE VALUE:** Intelligence. Has enough thought gone into your house? Or is it a relic, a time- and energy-waster? This house in Houston displays brilliant planning—It's small in square footage, grand in design, and high in art.

**THE ARCHITECT:** "I came from the school of great ideas," says William Stern, referring more to his practices than his ideas: none (Harvard, classes of '69 and '73). To Stern and his fellow students in architecture, creating space was tantamount to listening to a party. And their reason for this was to make the world a better place to live in. At twenty-five, Stern figured he'd spend most of his professional life building houses in underdeveloped countries. Today he builds for the small family, the working couple, the single person—for America's efficient generation on the fast track. But Stern is still an idealist who approaches every house as if it were a poem: each detail must be essential. In fact, he is an architect who welcomes the challenge of small budgets and small spaces. There's a lesson in turning eight hundred square feet into a two-bedroom apartment, or fitting a country kitchen into a 4' x 9' alcove. "You learn how to make a work of art out of pennies and inches."

**THE DESIGN:** This is a house built to accommodate opposites. It's a private and a social house, a house with the room-when-noon feeling of a mansion on two thousand square feet. It has all the nooks, crannies, and bay windows of a Victorian, yet it's as efficient as a modern built-in-yards. The architect compensates it to a "little witch"—it's beautiful and it works.

The house was commissioned by a single professional with two contradictory patterns: throwing parties and spending time alone. On half of the 75' x 112' site of a demolished house in Houston the owner sold off the other half (at last), Stern and his associate Theresa Ward created a space-conscious, three-story structure that gratifies from the social to the private. The first floor is for entertaining; there's a lighted-living room—stage-overstuffed couches, glass tables, a fireplace—joined by French doors to a



swimming pool and patio, a New Orleans-style garden and courtyard, and an outdoor bar and pool house. The second floor is versatile: it has both a casual and a private side. Here, the library can be either a library (there's a vaulted ceiling and a bay-window seat) or a bedroom for guests. With an extendable table, the dining room can seat either a party of twenty or a table for one. The third-floor master bedroom and bath prove that while it may be tiny at the top, it's also private.

The outdoor area also combines the social and the private. The pool patio suggests a large resort; the deck, a quiet summer cocktail party; and Texas barbecue, the second-floor balcony is short

enough for a quiet game; the bedroom terrace has room for only one or two. The house itself has a Mediterranean air of mystery, hidden behind a maze-like high wall and separated from the outside world by the garden and pool.

Roaming and efficiency coexist peacefully here, and whenever there's a choice between them, Stern takes both. There

are two entrances—one is a picture-book, the other domestic as doorknobs. From the street, guests can be turned into the garden, where they follow a twisted path through two wrought-iron gates, past the swimming pool to the pink-and-glass front door. For everyday entrances, carrying groceries or golf clubs, there's an outdoor staircase that leads directly from the carport to the kitchen. "In the old days, they called it the servants' entrance," says Stern. Yet that staircase is not without a romantic spirit. It also leads to the master bedroom.

Indoors, a mistake central staircase is both space-efficient (no need for hallways) and versatile. There are stacked sliding windows on each landing and a second-floor window seat. "Staircases should always be light and have an airy quality," says the architect. On a sunny day, this



Through a courtyard wall and the street, Stern led us to the pool patio.

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one is like a sunbeam inside the house. As an estate to Houston's hot and humid climate, Stern built layers of protection into the house: the overhanging roof shades the master bedroom; the second-floor balcony looks out for the living room. To keep out the summer sun, he put very few windows on the western side of the house but planned for plenty of exposure to the south this winter sun, and to the garden and pool. Inside, Stern uses mass-casting lines on the set of Casablanca. And the third-floor bedroom is as high and cool as a tree house.

Stern may build models of efficiency, but that doesn't mean he expects the robot age; houses should never be that easy to categorize, or that anonymous. What's important, really, is that one come home to the romantic and the comfortable without coming home to a circle and a moat.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN



THIRD-FLOOR PLAN

# Urban Town House in a Country Setting. Sophisticated. Surprising. Great for Gardeners

**THE VALUE:** Usability. Can you live in it? Whether your place is Victorian, art deco, or solar, do you see yourself in the blueprint? This California house was custom-made for a couple who wanted to put down roots, both inside and out.

**THE ARCHITECTS:** Richard Fennas studied continental philosophy at the University of California, Santa Cruz, in the late 1950s; Laura Hartman was an art major at Santa Cruz. Class of '76. In the 1970s, when photographers and artists were drug-dealing, Fennas and Hartman went to Berkeley for degrees in architecture instead. Fennas can still quote Sartre, and he says that building houses reminds him of ethics courses he used to take. The questions are the same: How do you want to live? What are your most important values? A swimming pool for exercise or an extra room for the word processor? Solar-energy panels on the roof or marble in the bathrooms? "You get a good house," he says, "when you discover what your clients really care about, what they really want to live with."

**THE DESIGN:** In the south of Henry Jones, the garden is a natural extension of the living rooms, the only difference being that one has windows, the other hedges. Naturally, the couple who commissioned the house in Marin County wanted to live in a garden as well as a house. They didn't want to view the rest-of-the-world indirectly—that is, through sliding glass doors. They wanted an expansive view from as close as dinner do. At the same time, they considered it important to preserve the urbanity of Jones's living rooms; the couple had lived in a Georgian town house and, the more of us, preferred mirrors with a city feel.

What Fennas and Hartman designed is an H-shaped, indoor/outdoor residence: a long, narrow town house connected at the kitchen to a series of outdoor "rooms." One third of the plan is mirror, two thirds is mirror. (You could think of the out-stretched kitchen as an inviting gesture from the house to the garden, an architectural version of the handshake.) Indoors, the house is cosmopolitan. Unlike the traditional house where the living rooms "flow"

into the dining room, which "flows" into the kitchen, the rooms here are urban; they keep a respectful distance from one another. (Separate rooms are also easier to heat and cool, so small matter in climate-less mild than Marin County's.) Just about the only thing the rooms have in common is their color, a cool off-white. (The shade Jones would have chosen.)

Outdoors, Fennas and Hartman built a series of periphrastic (elaborate indirect) "patios," and placed each "room" for



At the bottom: 1. Kitchen; 2. Living room; 3. Dining room; 4. Bedroom; 5. Bathroom; 6. Garage; 7. Pool; 8. Garden; 9. Deck; 10. Patio; 11. Terrace; 12. Walkway; 13. Staircase; 14. Entry; 15. Hallway; 16. Closets; 17. Storage; 18. Laundry; 19. Office; 20. Studio; 21. Workshop; 22. Garage; 23. Pool; 24. Garden; 25. Deck; 26. Patio; 27. Terrace; 28. Walkway; 29. Staircase; 30. Entry; 31. Hallway; 32. Closets; 33. Storage; 34. Laundry; 35. Office; 36. Studio; 37. Workshop; 38. Garage; 39. Pool; 40. Garden; 41. Deck; 42. Patio; 43. Terrace; 44. Walkway; 45. Staircase; 46. Entry; 47. Hallway; 48. Closets; 49. Storage; 50. Laundry; 51. Office; 52. Studio; 53. Workshop; 54. Garage; 55. Pool; 56. Garden; 57. Deck; 58. Patio; 59. Terrace; 60. Walkway; 61. Staircase; 62. Entry; 63. Hallway; 64. Closets; 65. Storage; 66. Laundry; 67. Office; 68. Studio; 69. Workshop; 70. Garage; 71. Pool; 72. Garden; 73. Deck; 74. Patio; 75. Terrace; 76. Walkway; 77. Staircase; 78. Entry; 79. Hallway; 80. Closets; 81. Storage; 82. Laundry; 83. Office; 84. Studio; 85. Workshop; 86. Garage; 87. Pool; 88. Garden; 89. Deck; 90. Patio; 91. Terrace; 92. Walkway; 93. Staircase; 94. Entry; 95. Hallway; 96. Closets; 97. Storage; 98. Laundry; 99. Office; 100. Studio; 101. Workshop; 102. Garage; 103. Pool; 104. Garden; 105. Deck; 106. Patio; 107. Terrace; 108. Walkway; 109. Staircase; 110. Entry; 111. Hallway; 112. Closets; 113. Storage; 114. Laundry; 115. Office; 116. Studio; 117. Workshop; 118. Garage; 119. Pool; 120. Garden; 121. Deck; 122. Patio; 123. Terrace; 124. Walkway; 125. Staircase; 126. Entry; 127. Hallway; 128. Closets; 129. Storage; 130. Laundry; 131. Office; 132. Studio; 133. Workshop; 134. Garage; 135. Pool; 136. Garden; 137. Deck; 138. Patio; 139. Terrace; 140. Walkway; 141. Staircase; 142. Entry; 143. Hallway; 144. Closets; 145. Storage; 146. Laundry; 147. Office; 148. Studio; 149. Workshop; 150. Garage; 151. Pool; 152. Garden; 153. Deck; 154. Patio; 155. Terrace; 156. Walkway; 157. Staircase; 158. Entry; 159. Hallway; 160. Closets; 161. Storage; 162. Laundry; 163. Office; 164. Studio; 165. Workshop; 166. Garage; 167. Pool; 168. Garden; 169. Deck; 170. Patio; 171. Terrace; 172. Walkway; 173. Staircase; 174. Entry; 175. Hallway; 176. Closets; 177. Storage; 178. Laundry; 179. Office; 180. Studio; 181. Workshop; 182. Garage; 183. Pool; 184. Garden; 185. Deck; 186. Patio; 187. Terrace; 188. Walkway; 189. Staircase; 190. Entry; 191. Hallway; 192. Closets; 193. Storage; 194. Laundry; 195. Office; 196. Studio; 197. Workshop; 198. Garage; 199. Pool; 200. Garden; 201. Deck; 202. Patio; 203. Terrace; 204. Walkway; 205. Staircase; 206. Entry; 207. Hallway; 208. Closets; 209. Storage; 210. Laundry; 211. Office; 212. Studio; 213. Workshop; 214. Garage; 215. Pool; 216. Garden; 217. Deck; 218. Patio; 219. Terrace; 220. Walkway; 221. Staircase; 222. Entry; 223. Hallway; 224. Closets; 225. Storage; 226. Laundry; 227. Office; 228. Studio; 229. Workshop; 230. 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Garden; 1049. Deck; 1050. Patio; 1051. Terrace; 1052. Walkway; 1053. Staircase; 1054. Entry; 1055. Hallway; 1056. Closets; 1057. Storage; 1058. Laundry; 1059. Office; 1060. Studio; 1061. Workshop; 1062. Garage; 1063. Pool; 1064. Garden; 1065. Deck; 1066. Patio; 1067. Terrace; 1068. Walkway; 1069. Staircase; 1070. Entry; 1071. Hallway; 1072. Closets; 1073. Storage; 1074. Laundry; 1075. Office; 1076. Studio; 1077. Workshop; 1078. Garage; 1079. Pool; 1080. Garden; 1081. Deck; 1082. Patio; 1083. Terrace; 1084. Walkway; 1085. Staircase; 1086. Entry; 1087. Hallway; 1088. Closets; 1089. Storage; 1090. Laundry; 1091. Office; 1092. Studio; 1093. Workshop; 1094. Garage; 1095. Pool; 1096. Garden; 1097. Deck; 1098. Patio; 1099. Terrace; 1100. Walkway; 1101. Staircase; 1102. Entry; 1103. Hallway; 1104. Closets; 1105. Storage; 1106. Laundry; 1107. Office; 1108. Studio; 1109. Workshop; 1110. Garage; 1111. Pool; 1112. Garden; 1113. Deck; 1114. Patio; 1115. Terrace; 1116. Walkway; 1117. Staircase; 1118. Entry; 1119. Hallway; 1120. Closets; 1121. Storage; 1122. Laundry; 1123. Office; 1124. Studio; 1125. Workshop; 1126. Garage; 1127. Pool; 1128. Garden; 1129. Deck; 1130. Patio; 1131. Terrace; 1132. Walkway; 1133. Staircase; 1134. Entry; 1135. Hallway; 1136. Closets; 1137. Storage; 1138. Laundry; 1139. Office; 1140. Studio; 1141. Workshop; 1142. Garage; 1143. Pool; 1144. Garden; 1145. Deck; 1146. Patio; 1147. Terrace; 1148. Walkway; 1149. Staircase; 1150. Entry; 1151. Hallway; 1152. Closets; 1153. Storage; 1154. Laundry; 1155. Office; 1156. Studio; 1157. Workshop; 1158. Garage; 1159. Pool; 1160. Garden; 1161. Deck; 1162. Patio; 1163. Terrace; 1164. Walkway; 1165. Staircase; 1166. Entry; 1167. Hallway; 1168. Closets; 1169. Storage; 1170. Laundry; 1171. Office; 1172. Studio; 1173. Workshop; 1174. Garage; 1175. Pool; 1176. Garden; 1177. Deck; 1178. Patio; 1179. Terrace; 1180. Walkway; 1181. Staircase; 1182. Entry; 1183. Hallway; 1184. Closets; 1185. Storage; 1186. Laundry; 1187. Office; 1188. Studio; 1189. Workshop; 1190. Garage; 1191. Pool; 1192. Garden; 1193. Deck; 1194. Patio; 1195. Terrace; 1196. Walkway; 1197. Staircase; 1198. Entry; 1199. Hallway; 1200. Closets; 1201. Storage; 1202. Laundry; 1203. Office; 1204. Studio; 1205. Workshop; 1206. Garage; 1207. Pool; 1208. Garden; 1209. Deck; 1210. Patio; 1211. Terrace; 1212. Walkway; 1213. Staircase; 1214. Entry; 1215. Hallway; 1216. Closets; 1217. Storage; 1218. Laundry; 1219. Office; 1220. Studio; 1221. Workshop; 1222. Garage; 1223. Pool; 1224. Garden; 1225. Deck; 1226. Patio; 1227. Terrace; 1228. Walkway; 1229. Staircase; 1230. Entry; 1231. Hallway; 1232. Closets; 1233. Storage; 1234. Laundry; 1235. Office; 1236. Studio; 1237. Workshop; 1238. Garage; 1239. Pool; 1240. Garden; 1241. Deck; 1242. Patio; 1243. Terrace; 1244. Walkway; 1245. Staircase; 1246. Entry; 1247. Hallway; 1248. Closets; 1249. Storage; 1250. Laundry; 1251. Office; 1252. Studio; 1253. Workshop; 1254. Garage; 1255. 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Pool; 1464. Garden; 1465. Deck; 1466. Patio; 1467. Terrace; 1468. Walkway; 1469. Staircase; 1470. Entry; 1471. Hallway; 1472. Closets; 1473. Storage; 1474. Laundry; 1475. Office; 1476. Studio; 1477. Workshop; 1478. Garage; 1479. Pool; 1480. Garden; 1481. Deck; 1482. Patio; 1483. Terrace; 1484. Walkway; 1485. Staircase; 1486. Entry; 1487. Hallway; 1488. Closets; 1489. Storage; 1490. Laundry; 1491. Office; 1492. Studio; 1493. Workshop; 1494. Garage; 1495. Pool; 1496. Garden; 1497. Deck; 1498. Patio; 1499. Terrace; 1500. Walkway; 1501. Staircase; 1502. Entry; 1503. Hallway; 1504. Closets; 1505. Storage; 1506. Laundry; 1507. Office; 1508. Studio

The New England Heritage Comes  
of Age. Lots of Privacy.  
Perfect for Young Family

**THE VALUE/Craftsmanship.** Is the house you live in built to last? This one is. New England houses have to weather trends, snowstorms, and generations. The survival plan for this one is to stay young on the inside, old and wise on the surface.

**THE ARCHITECTS** When James Hight was studying at the Yale School of Architecture, Robbie Seale was on trial in New

As with the Black Panthers were on campus. Raftery was older than his fellow students and often wore his tie in a snarl, his position as a senior. "It's a position he and the president shared," says Raftery. "Today Raftery's a little heavier, but he carries the architectural wisdom of the past with a modern sensibility. He sits in his chair at Yale, Jacob Albert, thirty, took Architecture 30 from Raftery and now works in his firm. As an architect, Albert 'thinks about how each board is put on, how the house will stand up over time, where it might get shored up, it's all there, whether it's out.' For both men, craftsmen's work is not a style, it's a common sense."

**THE DESIGN:** There are all kinds of departures from some more radical than others. The couple who commissioned this house both grew up in traditional New England houses and wanted to make a subtle departure from that form—but nothing too obvious or attention-getting. They envisioned a house where the husband could hang his hunting prints alongside the wife's modern art, and where their two teenage children could play backgammon in the living room or park-ruck in their own sense of the house helped, we still in the Old School.

The warmest house Richter and Albert designed is like a pair of blue jeans: It's durable and typically New England, yet has overtones of rebelliousness. Homes built on the water see a lot of wet weather. That's why Richter and Albert chose a variation on the hundred-year-old shingle style for this one. (Overlapping materials—in this case, cedar shingles—keep out moisture better than flat joints.) And with its steep pitched roof and flat surface—as recessed windows or overhangings—the house is practically a slide-upboard for moisture.

When the architects made their departure in the shape, which displays a sense of harmony about the owners' half-conformist, half-rebellious attitudes. Despite a le code that suggests a colonial mansion, the house is medium-size (two stories, four bedrooms) and shaped like a square.

**KEY:** The female living with Z. chrysaeus is seen, it finally leaves. (2) seems adversely affected by the MRL (3). The behavior of two other age daughters (4) has as well as a separate entrance and form the complex and the way. (5) has a female a young (6) were always from outside world. The behavior seems to be the same as the male.



### FRONT-PLANE PLAN



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homedown. What seems to be a front door is in fact an opening in the facade—walk through it and you end up in a courtyard with a wild apple tree. But this courtyard is not simply a ruse; it was carved out of the house so the owners could sit outside in spring and fall, protected from the wind by three walls, yet still in the sun.

Righini and Albert were also playful with the window design. On the first floor they combined asymmetrical windows (two horizontal ones) with spontaneous, oddly placed ones. In the same spirit, they designed windows on the tower to suggest a two-story house perched above the main house, actually, it's a sloped-ceiling lookout room. There are even windows for windows' sake: around the courtyard, they climb up toward the tower. "It was a way of visually connecting the house to the tower," says Albert.

WIKI is one with properly all the Gammatron's needs. RUFFENHILG's answer has a highly unique surface of color changes (they have no constant better face any other surface), whether this is also done, instead instead of painted (this looks as better than paint one understood and doesn't peel off), and is covered with applied alphas (this copiers than other had but no direction, surface

er," Righter says, "and of having fun with geometry." But the architects are never without their practical concerns: their eccentric window design provides extraordinary privacy—no one could ever figure out what goes on inside.

Indeed, the living room is the master

that holds Old School furnishings and well-to-do water views make this a room for New England gatherings, for martini and neighbors, brandy and books. From there, the rooms and staircases proceed around, offering different ways of moving through the house. Private ways, too. The architect planned the lowest as a house within a house, a getaway for the kids.

Righter calls himself "a New England architect," but he's not a parast who believes that every New England house must be a Victorian or a saltbox. When it comes down to it, he says, "Humans get built by clerics and architects, not by influences." And at some point the architect must give the house over to the client for good. Like a surgeon who's just performed a heart transplant, all he can do is hope it takes.

—Reported by Lois Smith, *Prose*



Top to bottom: 4. Arghavan has been married generations; made the country's mastery slide to the island away from the coast; 4. ported over the final "harney" a house with many different laws; the traditional shahs has some spiritual home.









# Has Jamie Lee Curtis Finally Found Herself?

God knows

*"Do-it-like-THIS!"*

*"Whoa!"*

*"Do-it-like-THAT!"*

*"Ummm!"*

*"Going through the MO-O-doo!"*

Hands in the air, hands on the hips, mirrors like the walls, and everyone screams. The floor itself pounds to the beat of "I Swam." Jamie Lee Curtis, looking slick as a seal, pops left and right on a small stage—hips, knees, and elbows moving in time. Her light-gray leotard, striped with pastel pinks, blues, and greens, sits high above her hips. She sweeps her fingers and with a nasal, teasing yell, "Ah, hushhh!" as a shower of bubbles jumps to her head.

*"Do-it-like-THIS!"* booms the speakers.

*"Right!"* screams Jamie.

*"Do-it-like-THAT!"*

*"Yes!"* she screams.

*"Going through the MO-O-doo!"*

by Gary Kinder

It's undertraining in Hollywood. Jesse's been on the set of *Project* since 8:30, when she had her already peachy complexion blushed and her short brown hair tidied up for the big love scene with John Travolta. The pounding beats, the rhythmic grunts, the pumping and jerking of all these bodies, each multiplied a hundred times in the mirrored walls, are the backdrop for the sexual encounter in which the bitchy, over-poleo, overtrained, over-learned Olympic swimmer turned 34-old fitness aerobics instructor-in-Los-Angeles Jesse, finally succumbs to the charms of back-seat-journa-hut-out-to-unleash-the-wild-ferrous-contraction-while-singles-bars-of-the-flights Adam.

Adam makes love to Jesse and Jesse makes love to Adam. But they never touch. They never even appear in the same camera shot together. With Jesse leading her class onstage and Adam working out in the front row, the scene has been choreographed as a metaphor, designed to replace the requisite game of boy and girl grab-assing in the sack, "which is a lie," says cinematographer Gordon Willis. Later the footage will be edited into a montage: the isolated movements and expressions of the lovers. Nice action, but there is a problem.

GARY KINDER is a New York writer living in Idaho. His book *Village: The Other Side of Hollywood* is published by Doubt. This is the first piece for *Esquire*.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KATE KANE

**Shades of Jamie Lee: an actress who covers up, revealingly**





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and the Montelenas, and some folks with rather odd names, like the Duckhorns, and the Stag's Leaps.

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Advanced CMOS gate-array logic also did not exist initially. Under the computerized network we call the "brain". Data is exchanged from the motion sensor, the control module and from sensors on the door, hood and trunk. Once you and your passengers have left the car and thirty-two seconds after the last door is closed, the system becomes fully armed. Should you need to re-arm the vehicle before the 32 second arming cycle is completed, simply 30 to 50 decibels of noise interrupts the system until the last door is closed and alerts the system once again.

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### DOCUMENTARY

# The Heat

## Its intensity sears the soul of a young doctor

by David Hellerstein

It is a semiprivate room set up for burn care. Curved heat shields draped with cotton blankets hang over the beds, monitors blink from the walls, fluids drip from clustered IV bottles through tangles of plastic tubing. The two men here are naked, scraped raw. Their pain stops me, fogs my glasses, raises up sweat between my shoulder blades, under my mask and gown, its presence as strong as the dead-flesh smell that permeates the burn unit and spreads through the outer hallways, past the library and the conference room, so you begin to sense it even from the elevators.

Two men. One is black, heavyset, with a shaved head. He could be eighteen or fifty. His legs are charred, and you can see the small bones of his hip. He is crying in pain. The other man is lean and once was white. A sardonic grin is bared onto his face. His fingertips are charred black, and his scratched throat glows redolent with blood-red scars. His arms, they say, are deep. They are swollen like sausages. He is Wilton, the Witness. His labored eyes watch me advance.

I started myself there in work to do. I'm the only psychiatric resident at Burnside here who chose to work the burn unit. Now I question my judgment.

I introduce myself.

"What do you want?" Wilton says. He is towering visually.

Jervis had called me here. Jervis, one of the surgical residents, paid me at 7:30 A.M., saying something I couldn't follow about closed-space fluid burns, transfusions, radiolysis, competency, something about a witness.

"Witness?" I asked Jervis.

"I think maybe he's a Witness," he said. "Jehovah's Witness. Because he's refusing blood products on principle. And we've got

Burnside Hospital is a premier medical facility and has recently completed its expansion. Its over 400,000 sq. ft. of space is the October 1993 issue of *Architectural Record*.

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# Citizen Peretz

BY GWENDA BLAIR

The political evolution of a man (**Martin Peretz**), his magazine (**The New Republic**), and his movement (**liberalism**) from Left to Right

EIGHT BLOCKS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, in an ugly modern building on Nineteenth Street, is an office that could easily be the consulting room of a well-tweaked professional—a lawyer, say, or a geriatric psychiatrist. On the floor is an old rug made with the red and blue vegetable dyes now abandoned by carpet weavers in the Middle East. On it rests a small, elegant wooden desk, the repository for a stack of sociological tomes. Along one wall is a number row of lithographs: Golda Meir, Theodore Herzl, and a particularly interesting Arthur Koestler.

The sole person who is the occupant, Marty Peretz. Former New Leftist and current middle-class liberal, Peretz is the owner of *The New Republic*, an august and perennially broke journal of liberal opinion that is renowned for its seventy-one-year tradition of literary quality and spirited political argument. A middle-aged man with the kind of beard invariably described as rebellious, Peretz is dressed like a tennis pro, albeit an elegant one, an over- or slightly English customer sweater swea-

GWENDA BLAIR is a free-lance writer living in New York. This is her first piece for *Esquire*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB COHEN



**P**eretz (above) and the young staff of *The New Republic* (below) are mostly Harvard educated. They met the magazine on the place where the future of liberalism and the Democratic party will be thrashed out.



ter, his beautifully selected open-neck shirt. But the decorum is broken the instant he opens his mouth; he chooses his words carefully, sounding as if he were still head of Harvard's social-science school, considered, critical sentences roll out in sinuous waves through the beard.

"There's a particularly interesting thing that happened in America to the Left in the Sixties," he is saying. "It was very, very American. It had no precedent. It accepted the cultural price and spite of the popular culture. If one tactic didn't work, then try another one." He is thinking about Tom Hayden, whom he used to know well. "If you think about all the tactics that Tom has been through in his own life—wild in the streets, dual-party work, community organizing in Newark, active relations with

identified national enemies, Democratic party politics—he went through it six or seven years, the entire history of Marxist thought, and lots of Marxist deviations besides. That is peculiarly American, in a sense. A political tactic lasted about as long as a popular song, as the length of a hair, as the width of a tie." Peretz pauses. "There's something not intellectually or morally very serious about that."

Peretz's own political odyssey has been equally complex, although he would argue more serious. A former banker of the genre and civil rights movements of the Sixties, he has spent the time since concentrating on his family, women, Israel, and, especially, *The New Republic*.

Long a flagship of American liberalism, *The New Republic* has recently opened its

pages to startlingly different ideas and writers; moreover, it has also taken up the outdoors on behalf of Israel on almost every possible occasion. Besides, particular books often stand in direct threat of sale with this close right-of-revival and are reserved for targets like inequality, gay rights, and national chauvinism. A few years ago such views would have lost *The New Republic* its liberal credentials. But under the Reagan administration, American policies have moved so far right that the magazine apparently need only stay to the discrete left of the President to maintain a certain liberal credibility.

Surprisingly, this change is justified as the grounds of eclecticism and free-wheeling intellectual inquiry. Often, though, it can look like plain old liberal-bashing, a new *Isiahiah* sport.

The magazine's evolution might be viewed merely as a function of Marty Peretz's personal philosophy, were it not for the crisis now being American liberals: Defeated, disoriented, and disoriented, they are wondering an embarrassingly public search for a new direction and ideas. Peretz would like to make *The New Republic* the intellectual clearinghouse where the forces of liberalism and the Democratic party will be focused out.

Because of Peretz's enormous focus on hard economic and political realities that liberals have often preferred to ignore, the magazine's career guarantees it an attractive prospect to those who would like to see the Democrats return that stereotypical stuff about economic realism and socialism in favor of a more efficient, more sensible middle-American course. But for those who still believe in trying to give everyone a fair shake, it is alarming, in spite of the courage and conviction of the country being increasingly influenced by a man and a magazine retreating from the traditional liberal ideal of social justice.

Martin Herbert Peretz was born in Manhattan on July 30, 1950, to middle-class Jewish parents. His father occupied leadership and manufacturing buildings with it. The Peretzes were solid liberals, Democrats, and members of the short-lived "Woodstock" movement that aimed to separate the cultural values of American Jews from the religious that spawned them. Raised in the Bronx, Peretz went to the Bronx High School of Science, one of New York City's elite public high schools, and dreamed of going to Harvard. He didn't.

After being rejected by Harvard, he went instead to Brandeis. Only seven years old when Peretz entered it in 1968, Brandeis was already a thriving intellectual center, in some ways more so than from New Germany and, later on, from McGarryn. With Max Lerner, Herbert Marcuse, Irving Howe, Philip Rabin, Lewis Mumford, and C. Wright Mills on the faculty, Brandeis students in the mid-

1960s had radical views that were way ahead of everyone else's.

In this process student body, already given to black turn-of-mind, Peretz, the student, stood out. He was barely sixteen, bespectacled, with two of red hair and thick glasses that magnified his hazel eyes. Michael Walzer, then a leftist leader on the school scene, now a professor of social science at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, says, "Marty was one of us immediately—bright, articulate, full of opinion, obviously ready to take over."

Gifted with a photographic memory—in his day the only memory aid to replace notes and does not use a Rolodex—Peretz cruised through classes. He was, Max Lerner and afterward, "one of those fellows who was just naturally looked up to as a leader. He was editor of the college newspaper and very active in campus politics, but he was not popular—not in the usual sense of the term. He would never have been elected president of his class."

In 1968 Peretz finally entered Harvard, in a doctoral candidate. Soon a handful of activist graduate students such as Peretz and Walzer and a few faculty members, including sociologist David Riesman and historian H. Stuart Hughes, were learning to support the budding peace movement, looking passionate political debates about U.S. foreign policy, the Soviet Union, disarmament, and the first stirrings of the civil rights movement.

Radical activity at John F. Kennedy's alma mater coalesced rapidly with his election as President. A few days after the election Kennedy came to the campus to give with John Kenneth Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger. "I remember he was widely criticized as the modest one," says Adam Hochschild (20), a writer and a founder of *Mother Jones* magazine. "Sixteen Harvard professors went to Washington; there was a feeling we were at the center of the universe—where people were going to change things."

Two days after the first civil rights protests at the segregated Woodlawn lunch counter in Greensboro, North Carolina, Peretz and Walzer started the *Harvard Public Integration Committee*. Soon EPIC pickets were outside Woodlawn all over Boston. At the same time, the Harvard peace group TUCSIN and Mass FAX, another local peace organization to which Peretz and Walzer belonged, brought pickets to major newspapers, took an independent candidate for the U.S. Senate, and sent postcards to the White House. They and more by late-Sixties standards, these demonstrations were solely after civil rights, peace, and disarmament.

During one TUCSIN demonstration, on a winter day in 1962, National Security Advisor McGeorge Bundy, a former Harvard professor, visited TUCSIN speakers inside the White House. The President had

and sent a big up of coffee-out to warm the other demonstrators.

After this blossoming political scene, a new and intensely open culture was the beginning, to flourish in Cambridge. The vibrant sounds of folk and blues and the Weavers were drowned out by the music of Bob Dylan, and members began to be supplemented by LSD.

The so-called counterculture that emerged was accepted by hundreds of thousands of young people as the natural counterpart of American political activity. But that was of little interest to Marty Peretz, for whom the New Left signified ideas rather than personal style. While most activists were busy defining themselves of even the appearance of bourgeois desires and possessions, he focused his involvement with both. In 1962 he married Linda Hinder, a Princeton classmate whose father was a wealthy Florida citrus grower, and moved to a well-appointed duplex off Rattle Street.

The Peretzes began to hold lunch others that were to be known as "Marty parties." "We would invite all the right people," says Jenny Pitts, one of Peretz's political crowd. "Max Lerner or Stanley Kaufman or Stanley Winters—whenever was invited or connected with politics or government or show biz."

But after a year or two the marriage was over, and Peretz moved to Kirkland, a Harvard residential hall. There, Peretz was, recalls Robert Abzug (65), now an associate professor of history at the University of Texas, "the great radical in the East Coast style. It was a culturally conservative rebellion, right out of Europe and the Old Left, influenced by Herzog and Lewis and the Beats." Peretz was, Abzug says, "a certain courting of Harvard Brahmins. Like any few from New York, Marty had a certain awe about Harvard and its traditions." Among those Peretz and his friends picked, submitted his books for covering people positively, yet he knew that to others, his disheveled appearance seemed "a parody and a would-be caricature. It was a much more conservative act then, and Marty Peretz imagined very stereotypical anti-stereotypical responses—he was insecure and didn't mind needing people. He didn't cut a low profile."

One of Peretz's many visitors at Kirkland House was Amy Lohavsky. Peretz wrote, when he last time met in 1983 when she responded to one of TUCSIN's late-the-bomb newspaper ads. "Marty and I were sort of political buddies for several years," she says. A short, slim woman with long dark hair and a deeply expressive face, she was a "hardcore" pacifist, the wife of a U.S. Air Force pediatrician, and the mother of two teen-children. Her father was the executive director of UNICEF for many years, and she had

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by Vincent Boucher  
with John Mather

## What's New

**Don Corleone** hit Broadway in June to star in the stage version of *Singin' in the Rain*, after costarring with wife Sandy Duncan in *My One and Only*.

With *American* as its unimpeachable theme, *Heartland* takes its cue from familiar classics, then enlists new's sportswear with generous proportions and contemporary textures. A burgundy lamb suede short reminiscent of the ones worn by *Perfect* actress who (1955) also deep pleated cottons trousers with sunset bellows (1955), both by *Heartland*. *At Saks Fifth Avenue*, New York; *Hilary*, *Bedford*, San Francisco; *Louis*, Boston; *Goddard*, Jersey; *Clovermark*, *Leather* belt (1945) by *Yogi*, *At Alexander & Finch*, New York; *The Ragway*, Jackson, Mississippi; *Antique* silk party tony (1955) at *The Antique Boutique*, New York and Boston.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS MEYER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Rupert Everett** takes the lead this month in **Mike Newell's** film *Dance with a Stranger*, steering his way through a steamy plot of crime and passion.

Smoldering *Shamash*, celebrated for his ancient architectural design for women, now applies his philosophy to men's apparel. Crafted in luxurious suede and cutaways, *Shamash's* structure-conscious creations are dramatically suited to the elegant man in search of the ultimate spring protection. His swarming eye for perfection is reflected in slim sleek columns of many cutaways, double-breasted with notched lapels and with oversize patch pockets (19,100) by *Shamash*. At *White*, *Bedford*, San Francisco; *Bonney*, *Gregory*, *Goodman*, and *Concord*, New York; *Maxfield*, Los Angeles; *Porter*, *Shaw*, Denver; *The Twenty-Four Collection*, Miami.



**Tom Berenger**, noted for his performance in *The Big Chill*, saunters into his first comedy this summer. As Rex O'Hortigan, Berenger takes the reins in *Raiders' Rhapsody*.

This fall marks C. P. Company's maiden voyage from Italy to the American market, welcome news to fans who previously could find the collection only on ships abroad. The second in this lavishly sportswear is an expensive delight and an unusual fabric that are impeccably functional, but not without a sense of humor, representing finer Italian styling at its best. An update on the American outdoorsman's favorite, the midgreen and yellow hunting jacket has generous ragged patch pockets, deep collar, and button front closure (R275) by C. P. Company. At Macy's and Bloomingdale's. New York, Walter Bushy, San Francisco, Bullock's, Los Angeles.



**Stephen Collins** makes his comedic debut as the lawyer in charge of Richard Pryor's financial windfall in *Walter Hill's* June release, *Brewster's Millions*.

Some Tansdowns IV Tinseltown (dramatically translated, "without fiction") is a star pupil in the school of Italian neo-realism. The premiere collection from Chiavari comes from *Walter* and design partner Corvase. Delemacon offers starkly modern silhouettes with intricate proportions in dark tones and, often, uncommon combinations such as navy and black accented with bright. First and secondarily, Corvase creates a subtle, orange rubber honeycomb (R210) is layered over the dark and double-breasted center (R10), all by some Tansdowns IV Tinseltown. At Chiavari, New York, Salt Pils for me, San Francisco, Museum-Museum, Dallas, UMass, Chicago, Phil Sigm, Los Angeles.



**Chris Sarandon** promises bone-chilling thrills this August when he stars as the mild-mannered vampire-next-door in *Fright Night*, directed by Tom Holland.

*Having obtained success dressing the discerning woman, Albert Nipon now acts his talents on the discerning man. Nipon's tailored designs for men feature body-conscious Continental styling that is smooth, distinctive, and well-measured. One notable example is this men's four-button double-breasted jacket in peak-lapelled wool or precisely-Mex wool, perforated with placed tassels (\$225) by Albert Nipon. At Macy's, New York and Dallas; Gordini, San Francisco; Proch's, Dallas; Gerlach's, Washington, D.C.; J. Magnan, Chicago. Casual costume polo sweater (about \$180) At Agnès B., New York. Silk pocket square by Imperial Handkerchiefs.*



**Christopher Gille**, a veteran member of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, will begin the company's summer tour of the country's most prestigious dance festivals this month.

*Inspired by vintage World War II jackets that replaced webbing, the Men Go Silk collection introduces relaxed, fluid sportswear using silk. Jaded and softened by a special washing process, beyond its soft-to-the-touch appeal and draped-around-drapes, silk is remarkably warm and smooth. The silk overcoat hooded jacket with front pockets and cinched waist (\$1200) is also available for men's wear. If teamed with a long-sleeved silk shirt (\$275) in a faded berry tone. At Men Go Silk for L. Zenger. At Charmers and Honey Lake, New York; Ultime, Chicago; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Wilkes Stamford, San Francisco; Theodora, New York.*

# My John O'Hara

*The writer my mother married,  
and the man I loved, was neither*

**BY C.D.B. BRYAN**

When I think about my stepfather, John O'Hara—and I find myself thinking about him a lot these days—I think about the three "John O'Haras" I know when he was alive and the fourth "John O'Hara" I was aware of not cover-  
wholly appreciated until nearly fifteen years after his death.



Before I ever really met him, the first O'Hara I knew was the writer. By the time I was thirteen, the year my mother and O'Hara married, I had attended the 1963 revival of *Pal Joey*, the 1960 Rodgers and Hart musical based on O'Hara's "The Joey" New Yorker cartoon he had also written the "book." My father, I recall, had directed me to some of O'Hara's other short stories—I especially remember "Travis's Always Open," about the local boy in the diner with the rich, snobbish summer-resort kids, and "Do You Like It Here?" about a new boy at a prep school who's accused by his corridor master of having stolen a watch. My response to those stories was more personal than critical, since by eighteen I had already spent nine years bouncing in and out of four different boarding schools; and I remember how stunned I was when a classmate at my small, distant first boarding school was given his very own brand-new Cradley station wagon as a twelfth-birthday present just to drive around his family's estate.

C.D.B. Bryan's book *Branded Women: Fifty Stories as Published in *Paperback by Dell*. He is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.*

*a drunk  
nor a brander,  
but a shy,  
generous soul*



My John O'Hara was a warm, gentle man, hospitable and affectionate with his visiting stepchildren and—especially in the case of my own fledgling writing career—generous with his asked-for advice.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HILLMAN





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PEOPLE DO A LOT OF CRYING IN ANN BEATTIE'S STORIES. AND FRANKLY, IT'S NO WONDER. JUST LOOK AT THE PILES THEY GET INTO. THEY KEEP THEIR FRIENDS KIDS ALL SUMMER LONG! THEY SLEEP WITH THEIR FRIENDS' EX-LUVVIES. THEY ATTEND THEIR EX-WIVES WEDDINGS. THEY GIVE KEYS TO THE HOUSE TO FORMER BUSBANDS AND SPEND AWFUL WEEKENDS IN THE COUNTRY with people they don't even like. They comfort their husbands' homosexual lovers. They sue two slanders and lie to them both. They gobble down Valium and Delmore and, it, and head off to Colorado (of all places) without jobs. They even give their money away. And more. They lie. I don't mind saying, like, *manaboli*. They lie for unemployment. I'd cry, too.

Only, when I read about it I don't cry at all. In truth, I am considerably consoled by these porneous goings-on and once started, I really can't read enough about them. The more must be true of all Beattie's subjects.

On the most selfish level I would simply never do any of these ridiculous things that cause so much trouble. And that by itself is a comfort, particularly when I can see so much that a trace of our readers' lives in Beattie's work. One case I once had her transcribe's eat for staples, on-the-ban, middle-class dramas and sitcoms, or her clear and sympathetic eye for the ways in which drama—even disaster—arises from our efforts to accommodate the absurd in life, for the extremes we will go to to create "normal life." She puts my generation to its most life-lacking like a Freudian, cocaine-battered, yet charitably lets us believe we might be smart enough to survive. It is no coincidence we'd all be in a bind. Consideration is not a lockdown I've come to hope for much in contemporary letters, though it is, of course, one of literature's special virtues to be confining. Life, no matter how dangerous or hideous, is still—when we read it—made governable by the very form of the story itself. No matter how we are implicated or pined, the writer's intelligence comprehends, and by implication and artifice, so can ours. We feel terror and pity at what we read, but in the end no one takes us. And indeed, when the story is excellent—beatable, even our terror and pity are assuaged by the pleasures of art.

## Beattie Eyes

BOOKS

They record a befuddled generation

by Richard Ford

And Lord knows there's plenty to warrant relief from in Ann Beattie's world—all these bad decisions for spending the weekend, and the leaked passions and befuddlement that result. There is that feeling about her characters—those bemused and indolent ex-teachers and poets, housewives and frustrated ad-men—that they're finally seen for many Beattie's stories when they'd have all been better off at the ball game.

The pleasures of Ann Beattie's art, though, come precisely from how easy she goes with all this hand-wringing and regret, and how how much her slanders and novels make us feel—unbearably—just as right. She is a master of the unacknowledged non-sequitur, the non-answer answer, and the deflating essay, at detailing by inches the course of everyday life as it turns toward issues of elementary crisis and consequence—

ranging from the most trivial to the most tragic. And Lord knows there's plenty to warrant relief from in Ann Beattie's world—all these bad decisions for spending the weekend, and the leaked passions and befuddlement that result. There is that feeling about her characters—those bemused and indolent ex-teachers and poets, housewives and frustrated ad-men—that they're finally seen for many Beattie's stories when they'd have all been better off at the ball game.

My guess is those who have mistaken Ann Beattie's work over the ten years since her first books were published are made uneasy by the very features and effects it has been prying—difficulties, frustrations, moments of high drama and epiphany blurted, written down, characters down an indolent as a cardholder in a bar—poeticisms leading to ironic the order almost too quickly to its answer. How many Ann Beattie characters can you really remember? How many settings

seem truly distinct? In spite of its wonderful detail and total perfection, the work does seem to be about these kinds of people, living in this sort of place, talking none or less to say. So that part of their literary value, I would concede, is as a reliquary of our lives in common. And because they are so serene-minded and concerned with a which, involving storms and stresses, their truths from a distance can ac-



As an author she has worked out to a considerable degree in Beattie's writing, by which means that her narrative indifference always seems to harmony with the goings-on inside her stories. With all that's said, there's a marriage and absurd emotional blood-lettings, the time of life's ongoing disorientation—the stories don't usually, almost precisely bartered, arrive most often at the quality-less Beattie's serene side of everyday emotions. Style never seems strained, or idiosyncratic, never a

have not new novel. Love Abey (Random House), should settle up with quite a few of these dramas. It has never been more than a half hour from Beattie's soliloquy to comic absurdity. And Love Abey is simply a country here. A company of Beattie's key players—middle-aged and elegant men—were abandoned. Goliath, snuggled at Grand and Panatiera for their debts, and devoted for tedious little Vermont to run—accidentally—a

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW HARRIS

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best response for the trendy dandyish color-and-cover art. And that's frankly about it for the inquirers. *Love Alvin* is a novel built upon a situation, not a plot. It's broadcast an epiphany. Two rising cartoonish characters in picture books glide—with the tactical admissions of life—too frequently in and out of the book for us to worry about them. Everyone still denies impossibly dumb things, keeps assuming food in the refrigerator, listens to noisier music, "scoops" here and there, tries to save both outflow and intake, and inevitably has a really terrible time. But nothing much actually develops. It's like *The Day After* with Ed Kern's characters. The big dream.

What's good about it is that precisely at the book's final moments are played for comic effect. And the novel is often very funny and uncharacteristically quite smart about Beatie's lively chambers, unaccounted-for, staying alive in the Coloco-culture, and the consequently tilted toward real, most unaccounted-for. It's about to close to "bright and breezy" as Beatie's gitters.

Finally, Lucy Spencer, the novel's central and only nearly "round" character, writes a ten-day weekend column for us with for which she cobles up both the answers and the questions. She's "sleeping" with Alvin, the magazine's editor and her oldest friend. Alvin's wife, how-

ever, doesn't like that and begins drifting toward feminist views and buying clothes. All this happens in Vermont, so everything's in a fine state—many parties and modern to attend, rich and idiosyncratic feeding around trees. There are curious scenes of creative pep, mostly lap-beat-man types, nutty cops, Hollywood's gods, and kids with curious videotaping dums near everything. Into this silly soup, however, drops little Nicole, Lucy's fourteen-year-old niece, strange from Barbaud and, with, nearly to spend the summer. Nicole is a bad speaker, a child who's made it in your house and has lower-dolls that look like her in the stars. She is in fact the most taking character in this novel, and to me, the most essential. Beatie has written Nicole in a sweet-souped, self-referential, even normal emotions have been shown—created by the perverse demands of video, and whenever she gets into the act, a tiny sense of cynicism comes down, and the novel's tone is the ground bedrock. Her little life, of course, glides so fittingly on where all the adults have gone wrong and progresses a bad end for everybody. In this she is like Father Time in *Jack the Giant-Killer*, only more outgoing.

Doesn't in fact, in the future—though I shouldn't say so. The book works itself forward in an ironic, allows-out fashion, decorated with funny set pieces about

accidents and dogs, watercraft about sex and food, raucy story letters from Lucy Spencer's "advice" column, and a more than ordinary variety of expository intelligence from Beatie's overbearing narrative. It's sometimes ironic that from happening than meets the eye, it is because Beatie has more to tell us directly, and less that bears dramatizing—not so unusual, really, for a writer who's been paying attention all these years, as she has.

What *Am Beatie* finally has been writing about now in three novels and three story collections is that nobody is really about to put up his or her socks and act right and that that's about a tragedy. Something about growing up in the Sixties and Seventies has made all that seem too difficult and not appealing. "The pointed finger now never turned away," Hilda thinks—so why not just go for it? Hilda is certainly not a may-vibe, since it means we are all at the point of which unaccounted-for is not just the problem anymore, but bodies its two solitary dancer, north real fear and pity and even real sympathy. And it's of interest that Beatie has developed a fuller sense of humor about it, since it must seem like a bleak vision like hers, fully developed and true, that laughter is the only consolation left.

BARBARA FISCHER and book. A Piece of My Heart, now put out by the House of Commons.

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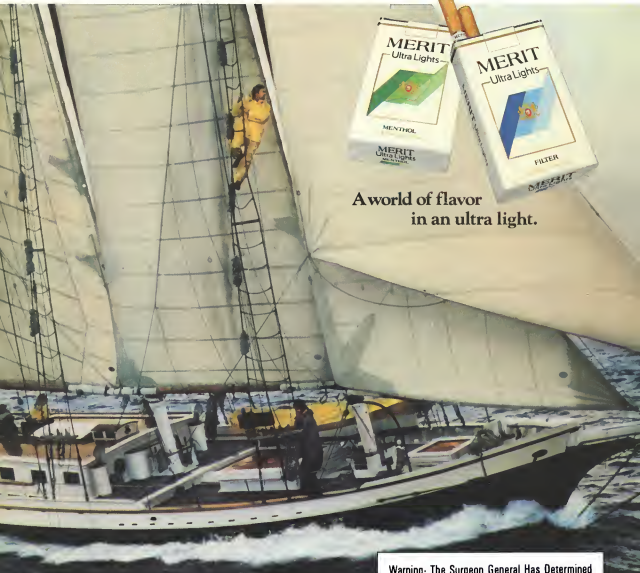


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